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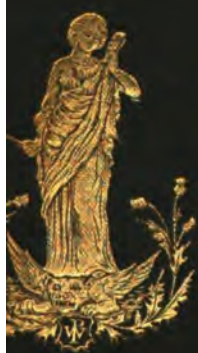
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Dramatic Works
OF
SHAKESPEARE

Dramatic Works
OF
SHAKESPEARE .

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act IV. Sc. I.

Dramatic Works
OF
SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT OF THE FIRST EDITION

Illustrated with *Etchings*

VOLUME *THIRD*

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VOL. THIRD.

Etched by M. Monziès, from the original Designs of M. Pille.

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ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scæna Prima.

*Enter yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother, and Helena,
Lord Lafew, all in blacke.*

Mother.



N delivering my sonne from me, I burie a second husband.

Ros. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I must attend his majesties command, to whom I am now in Ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame, you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthinesse would stirre it up where it wanted rather then lack it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, under whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortall, and death should have play for lacke of worke. Would for the

Kings sake hee were living, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to have liv'd stil, if knowledge could be set up against mortallitie.

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Ros. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my over looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an uncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she derives her honestie, and atcheeves her goodnesse.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tirrany of her sorrowes takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to have.

Hell. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive greefe the enemie to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemie to the greefe, the excesse makes it soone mortall.

Ros. Maddam I desire your holie wishea.

Laf. How understand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrame*, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue.

Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse
Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few,
Doe wrong to none : be able for thine enemy
Rather in power then use : and keepe thy friend
Under thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more wil,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,
'Tis an unseason'd Courtier, good my Lord
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Mo. Heaven blesse him : Farwell *Bertram*.

Ro. The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts be
servants to you : be comfortable to my mother, your Mistria, and
make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your
father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like ?
I have forgott him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but *Bertrams*.
I am undone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one
That I should love a bright particular starre,
And think to wed it, he is so above me
In his bright radiance and colaterall light.
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere ;
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it selfe :
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for love. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him everie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table : heart too capeable

Of everie line and tricke of his sweet favour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,
Yet these fixt evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall full ofte we see
Cold wisdomes waighting on superfluous follie.

Par. Save you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you have some staine of souldier in you: Let mee
aske you a question. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we
barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the
defence yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none. Man setting downe before you, will
undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginity from underminers and blowers
up. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow up
men?

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be
blowne up: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the
breach your selves made, you lose your City. It is not
politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserve virginity.
Losse of Virginitie, is rationall encrease, and there was never
Virgin goe, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of,
is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost, may

be ten times found : by being ever kept, it is ever lost : 'tis too cold a companion : Away with't.

Hd. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers ; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin : Virginitie murders it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie is peevish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-love, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't : within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

Hd. How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne liking ?

Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying : The longer kept, the lesse worth : Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly suted, but unsuteable, just like the brooch & the toothpick, which were not now : your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke : and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare : it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare : Will you anything with it ?

Hd. Not my virginity yet :

There shall your Master have a thousand loves,
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddesse, and a Sovereigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare :

His humble ambition, proud humility :
His jarring, concord : and his discord, dulcet :
His faith, his sweet disaster : with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he :
I know not what he shall, God send him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith ?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pitty,

Par. What's pitty ?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whose baser starres do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must thinke, which never
Returnes us thanks.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord calls for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will
thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were borne under a charitable
starre.

Par. Under *Mars* I.

Hel. I especially thinke, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars* ?

Hel. The warres hath so kept you under, that you must needes
be borne under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so ?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,

When feare proposes the safetie :

But the composition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Paroll. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere thee acutely : I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers counsell, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee, else thou diest in thine unthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell : When thou hast leysure, say thy praiers : when thou hast none, remember thy Friends : Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee : So farewell.

Hcl. Our remedies oft in our selves do lye,
Which we ascribe to heaven : the fated skye
Gives us free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designes, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye ?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To joyne like, likes ; and kisse like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did misse her love ?
(The Kings disease) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me.

Exit.

Flourish Cornets.

Enter the King of France with Letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th'eares,
Have fought with equall fortune, and continue
A braving warre.

1. *Lo. G.* So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receive it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us

For speedie ayde : wherein our deerest friend
Prejudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To have us make deniall.

1. *Lo. G.* His love and wisdom
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes :
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2. *Lo. E.* It well may serve
A nurserie to our Gentry, who are sicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. *Lor. G.* It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in hast
Hath well compos'd thee : Thy Fathers morall parts
Maist thou inherit too : Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Majesties.

King. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
First tride our souldiership : he did looke farre
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest. He lasted long,
But on us both did haggish Age steale on,
And wore us out of act : It much repaires me,
To talke of your good father ; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To day in our yong Lords : but they may jest
Till their owne scorne returne to them unnoted

Ere they can hide their levitie in honour :
 So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterness
 Were in his pride, or sharpnesse ; if they were,
 His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
 Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speake : and at this time
 His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
 He us'd as creatures of another place,
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes.
 Making them proud of his humilitie,
 In their poore praise he humbled : Such a man
 Might be a copie to these yonger times ;
 Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
 But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
 Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe :
 So in approofe lives not his Epitaph,
 As in your royall speech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
 (Me thinkes I heare him now) his plausible words
 He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
 To grow there and to beare : Let me not live,
 This his good melancholly oft began
 On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
 When it was out : Let me not live (quoth hee)
 After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe
 Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
 All but new things disdain ; whose judgements are
 Meere fathers of their garments : whose constancies
 Expire before their fashions : this he wish'd.
 I after him, do after him wish too :
 Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
 I quickly were dissolved from my hive
 To give some Labourers roome.

L. 2. E.

You'r loved Sir,

They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first.

Kin. I fill a place I know't : how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died ?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme : the rest have worne me out
With severall applications : Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Majesty.

Exit.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Maddam the care I have had to even your content, I wish
might be found in the Kalender of my past endeavours, for then
we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearnesse of our
deservings, when of our selves we publish them.

Coun. What doe's this knave heere ? Get you gone sirra :
the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleeeve, 'tis my
slownesse that I doe not. For I know you lacke not folly to
commit them, & have abilitie enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well sir.

Clo. No maddam,

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie of the rich are
damn'd, but if I may have your Ladiships good will to goe to the
world, *Isbell* the woman and I will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger ?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Cou. In what case ?

Clo. In *Isbels* case and mine owne : service is no heritage, and
I thinke I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a
my bodie : for they say barnes are blessings.

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie ?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driven on by the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the divell drives.

Cou. Is this all your worships reason ?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holie reasons, such as they are.

Cou. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives sake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaves come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of : he that eres my Land, spares my teame, and gives mee leave to Inne the crop : if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge ; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ; hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, love my flesh and blood ; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend : *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend : if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poysam* the Papist, how somere their hearts are sever'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may joule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knave ?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your Cuckow sings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to speake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* joy,
With that she sighed as she stood, *his*
And gave this sentence then, among nine bad if one be good,
among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the song sirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying
ath' song: would God would serve the world so all the yeere,
weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson,
one in ten quoth a? and wee might have a good woman borne but
ore everie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the
Lotterie well, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle begone sir knave, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and yet no
hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt,
it will weare the Surplis of humilitie over the blacke-Gowne of a
bigge heart: I am going forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to
come hither. *Exit.*

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and she
her selfe without other advantage, may lawfullie make title to as
much love as shee findes, there is more owing her then is paid,
and more shall be paid her then sheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke
shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did communicate to her selfe
her owne words to her owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for
her, they toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee
loved your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no goddess, that had
put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love no god, that
would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were levell,
Queene of Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd
without rescue in the first assault or ransome afterward: This
shee deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard

Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence in the losse that may happen, it concernes you something to know it.

Cou. You have discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleewe nor misdoubt; praie you leave mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Steward.

Enter Hellen.

Old. Cou. Even so it was with me when I was yong:
If ever we are natures, these are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Rose of youth rightlie belong
Our bloud to us, this to our blood is borne,
It is the show, and seale of natures truth,
Where loves strong passion is imprest in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is sicke on't, I observe her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol. Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol. Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I sed a
mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often seene
Adoption strives with nature, and choise breeds
A native slip to us from forraine seedes:
You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,

That this distempered messenger of wet ?

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye ?

——— Why, that you are my daughter ?

Hell.

That I am not.

Old. Cou. I say I am your Mother.

Hell.

Pardon Madam.

The Count *Rosillion* cannot be my brother :

I am from humble, he from honored name :

No note upon my Parents, his all noble,

My Master, my deere Lord he is and I

His servant live, and will his vassall die :

He must not be my brother.

Ol. Cou.

Nor I your Mother.

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,

Indee'de my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, then I doe for heaven,

So I were not his sister, cant no other,

But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old. Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,

God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse ; what pale agen ?

My feare hath catcht your fondnesse ! now I see

The mistrie of your louelinesse, and finde

Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse :

You love my sonne, invention is asham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou doost not : therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes

Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies

See it so grosely showne in thy behaviours,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne

And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue

That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so ?

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clewe :

If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
As heaven shall worke in me for thine availe
To tell me truelie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Cou. Do you love my Sonne ?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistria.

Cou. Love you my Sonne ?

Hell. Doe not you love him Madam ?

Cou. Goe not about ; my love hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note : Come, come, disclose :
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your Sonne :
My friends were poore but honest, so's my love :
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lov'd of me ; I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suite,
Nor would I have him, till I doe deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be :
I know I love in vaine, strive against hope :
Yet in this captious, and intemible Sive,
I still poure in the waters of my love
And lacke not to loose still ; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes upon his worshipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my love,
For loving where you doe ; but if your selfe,
Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and love dearely, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and love, O then give pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose

But lend and give where she is sure to loose ;
 That seekes not to finde that, her search implies,
 But riddle like, lives sweetely where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
 To goe to *Paris* ?

Hell. Madam I had.

Cou. Wherefore ? tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth by grace it self I sweare :
 You know my Father left me some prescriptions
 Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
 And manifest experience, had collected
 For generall soveraigntie : and that he wil'd me
 In heedefull'st reservation to bestow them,
 As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
 More then they were in note : Amongst the rest,
 There is a remedie, approv'd, set downe,
 To cure the desperate languishings whereof
 The King is render'd lost.

Cou. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speake ?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this ;
 Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
 Had from the conversation of my thoughts,
 Happily beene absent then.

Cou. But thinke you *Hellen*,
 If you should tender your supposed aide,
 He would receive it ? He and his Phisitions
 Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him :
 They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
 A poore unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
 Embowel'd of their doctrine, have left off
 The danger to it selfe.

Hell. There's something in't
 More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
 Of his profession, that his good receipt,
 Shall for my legacie be sanctified

Byth luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honor
But give me leave to trie successe, I'de venture
The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By such a day, an houre.

Cou. Doo'st thou beleeev't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly.

Cou. Why *Hellen* thou shalt have my leave and love,
Meanes and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home
And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt :
Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

*Enter the King with divers yong Lords, taking leave for the
Florentine warre : Count, Rosse, and Parrolles.*

Florish Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell :
Share the advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth stretch it selfe as tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

Lord G. 'Tis our hope sir,
After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be ; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallady
That doth my life besiege : farwell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men : let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when

The bravest questant shrinkes : finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud : I say farewell.

L. G. Health at your bidding serve your Majesty.

King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They say our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand : beware of being Captives
Before you serve.

Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

1. *Lo. G.* Oh my sweet Lord that you wil stay behind us.

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

2. *Lo. E.* Oh 'tis brave warres.

Parr. Most admirable, I have seene those warres.

Rossill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Parr. And thy minde stand too't boy,
Steale away bravely.

Rossill. I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worne
But one to dance with : by heaven, Ile steale away.

1. *Lo. G.* There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

2. *Lo. E.* I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ros. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. *Lo. G.* Farewell Captaine.

2. *Lo. E.* Sweet Mounsier *Parolles*.

Parr. Noble *Heroes* ; my sword and yours are kinne, good
sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You shall finde in the
Regiment of the Spiniij, one Captaine *Spurio* his sicutrice, with an
Embleme of warre heere on his sinister cheeke ; it was this very
sword entrench'd it : say to him I live, and observe his reports
for me.

Lo. G. We shall noble Captaine.

Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his novices, what will ye doe ?

Ross. Stay the King.

Parr. Use a more spacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you have restrain'd your selfe within the List of too cold an adieu : be more expressive to them ; for they weare themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gate ; eat, speake, and move under the influence of the most receiv'd starre, and though the devill leade the measure, such are to be followed : after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ross. And I will doe so.

Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to proove most sinewie sword-men.

Exeunt.

Enter Lafew.

L. Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.

King. Ile see thee to stand up.

L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought his pardon, I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy, And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus, Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie ?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe ?

Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them : I have seen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a stone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch
Is powerfull to arayse King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this ?

Laf. Why doctore she : my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her : now by my faith and honour,

If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
 With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,
 Wisdome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more
 Then I dare blame my weakenesse : will you see her ?
 For that is her demand, and know her businesse ?
 That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*,
 Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
 By wondring how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
 And not be all day neither.

King. Thus he his speciall nothing ever prologues.

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,
 This is his Majestie, say your minde to him,
 A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
 His Majesty seldome feares, I am *Cresseds* Uncle,
 That dare leave two together, far you well.

Exit.

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow us ?

Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
 In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
 Knowing him is enough : on's bed of death,
 Many receipts he gave me, chieflie one,
 Which as the dearest issue of his practise
 And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
 He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
 Safer then mine owne two : more deare I have so,

And hearing your high Majestie is toucht
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenesse.

King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ransome nature
From her inaydible estate : I say we must not
So staine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past cure malladie
To empericks, or to dissever so
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme
A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme.

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines :
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot give thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull :
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I give,
As one neere death to those that wish him live :
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest gainst remedie :
He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister :
So holy Writ, in babes hath judgement showne,
When Judges have bin babes ; great flouds have flowne
From simple sources : and great Seas have dried
When Miracles have by the great'st beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises : and oft it hits,

Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not us'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with us, that square our guesse by showes :
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavors give consent,
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impostrue, that proclaime
My selfe against the levill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe :
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theevish minutes, how they passe :
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall live free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame
Traduc'd by odious ballads : my maidens name
Seard otherwise, no worse of worst extended
With vildest torture, let my life be ended.

Kim. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake :

And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saves another way :
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate :
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call :
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That Ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hd. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpittied let me die,
And well deserv'd : not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hd. But will you make it even ?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hd. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command :
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state :
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow.

Kin. Heere is my hand, the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd :
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye :
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know, could not be more to trust :
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
Give me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

Florish.

Exit.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will show my selfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answer that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Attorney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitnessse for all questions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question.

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demanda.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your answer.

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord sir, why there't serves well agen.

La. And end sir to your businesse: give *Hellen* this, And urge her to a present answer backe, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne, This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you understand me.

Clo. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legges.

La. Hast you agen.

Exeunt.

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, ensconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ros. And so 'tis.

Ol. Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol. Laf. That gave him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a ——

Ol. Laf. Uncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well : so would I have said.

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a noveltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will have it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said, the verie same.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier : fore mee I speake in respect ——

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerosus spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the ——

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. I, so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a most weake ——

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeede give us a further use to be made, then alone the recov'ry of the king, as to bee.

Ol. Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you say well : heere comes the King.

Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies : Ile like a maide the Better whil'st I have a tooth in my head : why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helen*?

Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preserver by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyve
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Sovereigne power, and fathers voice
I have to use; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hd. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when love please, marry to each but one.

Old Laf. I'de give bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then these boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hd. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me, restor'd the king to
health.

All. We understand it, and thanke heaven for you.

Hd. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:
Please it your Majestie, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever.
Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall love, that God most high
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw Ames-ace
for my life.

Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twentie times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant, and so I take my leave.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons of
mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would send them to'th Turke
to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile never do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing upon your voves, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you ever wed.

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none have
heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the French nere
got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good
To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

Ol. Lord. There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father drunke
wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth of fourteene:
I have knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her shee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes

In such a busines, give me leave to use
The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for mee ?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I should
marrie her.

King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Must answer for your raising ? I knowe her well :
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge :
A poore Physitians daughter my wife ? Disdaine
Rather corrupt me ever.

King. 'Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which
I can build up : strange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction : yet stands off
In differences so mightie. If she bee
All that is vertuous (save what thou dialik'st)
A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dialik'st
Of vertue for the name : but doe not so :
From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
Where great additions swell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropsied honour. Good alone,
Is good without a name ? Vilenesse is so :
The propertie by what is is, should go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire :
And these breed honour : that is honours scorne,
Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
And is not like the fire : Honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a slave
Debosh'd on everie tombe, on everie grave :
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe.

Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be said ?
 If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
 I can create the rest : Vertue, and shee
 Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strive to
 choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad :
 Let the rest go.

King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeate
 I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
 Proud scornfull boy, unworthie this good gift,
 That dost in vile misprision shackle up
 My love, and her desert : that canst not dreame,
 We polzing us in her defective scale,
 Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know,
 It is in Us to plant thine Honour, where
 We please to have it grow. Checke thy contempt :
 Obey Our will, which travailes in thy good :
 Believe not thy diadaine, but presentlie
 Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers, and the carelesse lapse
 Of youth and ignorance : both my revenge and hate
 Looking upon thee, in the name of justice,
 Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord : for I submit
 My fancie to your eyes, when I consider
 What great creation, and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid it : I finde that she which late
 Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base : is now
 The praised of the King, who so ennobled,
 Is as 'twere borne so.

King. Take her by the hand,

And tell her she is thine : to whom I promise
 A counterpoize : If not to thy estate,
 A ballance more repleat.

Bar. I take her hand.

Kim. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
 Smile upon this Contract : whose Ceremonie
 Shall seeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
 And be perform'd to night : the solemne Feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me Religious : else, do's erre. *Exeunt.*

Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monsieur ? A word with you.

Par. Your pleasure sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation ? My Lord ? My Master ?

Laf. I : Is it not a Language I speake ?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee understoode without
 bloudie succeeding : My Master ?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rosillion* ?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man : Counts maister is of another
 stile.

Par. You are too old sir : Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man : to which title age
 cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a prettie
 wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy travell, it
 might passe : yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee, did
 manifoldlie dissuade me from beleeving thee a vessell of too great a
 burthen. I have now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I
 care not : yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that
 th'ourt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity upon thee.

Laf. Do not plunge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall : which if, Lord have mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, ev'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If ever thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall : for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me ; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord : Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile have no more pittie of his age then I would have of — Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you : you have a new Mistria.

Par. I most unfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who ? God.

Par. I sir.

Laf. The devill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter up thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose standa. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: meethink'st thou art a generall offence, and every man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure my Lord.

Laf. Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knave. I leave you. *Exit.*

Enter Count Rossillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ros. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rossill. Although before the solemne Priest I have sworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ros. O my *Parrolles*, they have married me: l'le to the *Tuscan* warres, and never bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits, The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres.

Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warres my boy, too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe unseene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which should sustaine the bound and high curvet

Of *Marses* fierie steed : to other Regions,
France is a stable, wee that dwell in't Jades,
 Therefore too'th warre.

Ros. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
 Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
 And wherefore I am fled : Write to the King
 That which I durst not speake. His present gift
 Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
 Where noble fellowes strike : Warres is no strife
 To the darke house, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art sure ?

Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and advice me.
 Ile send her straight away : To morrow,
 Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. 'Tis hard
 A yong man married, is a man that's mard :
 Therefore away, and leave her bravely : go,
 The King ha's done you wrong : but hush 'tis so. *Exit.*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well ?

Clow. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very
 merrie, but yet she is not well : but thanks be given she's very
 well, and wants nothing i'th world : but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not
 verie well ?

Clow. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things ?

Clow. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God send her
 quickly : the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send
 her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine owne
 good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, have them still. O my knave, how do's my old Ladie ?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiser man : for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters undoing : to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knave.

Clo. You should have said sir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before me th'art a knave : this had bene truth sir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me ?

Clo. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knave ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
A verie serious businesse call's on him :
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint :
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Fel. What's his will else ?

Par. That you will take your instant leave a'th king,
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hcl. What more commands hee ?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presentli:

Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I waite upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Exit Par.

Hell. I pray you come sirrah.

Exit.

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a souldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You have it from his owne deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Dially goes not true, I tooke this Larke for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordingle valiant.

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience, and transgrest against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make us freinds, I will pursue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketted my treasure,
Given order for our horses, and to night,
When I should take possession of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Travailer is something at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to

passee a thousand nothings with, should bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God save you Capitaine.

Ber. Is there any unkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my Lords displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, bootes and spurres and all : like him that leapt into the Custard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may bee you have mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so ever, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeeve this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes : Trust him not in matter of heavie consequence : I have kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I have spoken better of you, then you have or will to deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evill.

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have sir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting, onely he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not mervaile *Helena* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much unsettled : This drives me to intreate you,

That presently you take your way for home,
 And rather muse then aske why I intreate you,
 For my respects are better then they seeme,
 And my appointments have in them a neede
 Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,
 To you that know them not. This to my mother,
 'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so
 I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
 But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
 With true observance seeke to eeke out that
 Wherein toward me my homely starres have faild
 To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell: Hie home.

Hel. Pray sir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
 Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is,
 But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale
 What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed,
 I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
 Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
 Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell. *Exit.*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil never come,
 Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme:
 Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen,
with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamentall reasons of this warre ;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth
And more thirsts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell
Upon your Graces part : blacke and fearefull
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we mervaile much our Cosin France
Would in so just a businesse, shut his bosome
Against our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
My selfe unable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, since I have found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fren. G. But I am sure the yonger of our nature,
That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee :
And all the honors that can flye from us,
Shall on them settle : you know your places well,
When better fall, for your availes they fell,
To morrow to'th the field.

Flourish.

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, save that he
comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholly man.

Count. By what observance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke uppon his boote, and sing: mend the Ruffe and sing, aske questions and sing, picke his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song.

Lad. Let me see what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clow. I have no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What have we heere?

Clo. In that you have there.

Exit.

A Letter.

I have sent you a daughter-in-law, shee hath recovered the King, and undone me: I have wedded her, not bedded her, and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee bredib enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

Your unfortunate sonne,

Bertram.

This is not well rash and unbridled boy,
To flye the favours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heavie newes within betweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soon as I thoght he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your sonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Save you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. Do not say so.

La. Thinke upon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I have felt so many quirkes of joy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start

Can woman me untoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

Fren. G. Madam he's gone to serve the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after some dispatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.

*When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which never shall
come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am
father too, then call me husband: but in such a (then) I write
a Never.*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

I. G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie for our
paines.

Old La. I prethee Ladie have a better cheere,
If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren. G. I Madam.

La. And to be a souldier.

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleev't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren. E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

'Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there ?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren. E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which his
heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, untill he have no wife :

There's nothing heere that is too good for him

But onely she, and she deserves a Lord

'That twenty such rude boyes might tend upon,

And call her hourelly Mistris. Who was with him ?

Fren. E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman : which I have
sometime knowne.

La. Parolles was it not ?

Fren. E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

Fren. E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too
much, which holds him much to have.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you
see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can never winne the
honor that he looses : more Ile intreate you written to beare along.

Fren. G. We serve you Madam in that and all your worthiest
affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies,
Will you draw neere ?

Exit.

Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France untill he has no wife :

Thou shalt have none *Rossillion*, none in France,

Then hast thou all againe : poore Lord, is't I
That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose
Those tender limbes of thine, to the event
Of the none-sparing warre ? And is it I,
That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou
Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of smoakie Muskets ? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speede of fire.
Fly with false ayme, move the still-peering aire
That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord :
Who ever shoots at him, I set him there.
Who ever charges on his forward brest
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected : Better 'twere
I met the ravine Lyon when he roar'd
With sharpe constraint of hunger : better 'twere,
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre,
As oft it looses all. I will be gone :
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I stay heere to doo't ? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,
And Angles offic'd all : I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To console thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away. *Exit.*

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion,
drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.*

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber.

Sir it is

A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
Wee'l strive to beare it for your worthy sake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helme
As thy auspicious mistress.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drumme, hater of love. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.

*I am S. Jaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre
My dearest Master your dearè sonne, may live,
Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,
His name with zealous fervour sanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I his despightfull Juno sent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogges the beeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.*

Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words?
Rynaldo, you did never lacke advice so much,
As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

Ste.

Pardon me Madam,

If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have beene ore-tane : and yet she writes
Pursuite would be but vaine.

La.

What Angell shall

Blesse this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive,
Unlesse her prayers, whom heaven delights to heare
And loves to grant, repreeve him from the wrath
Of greatest Justice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this unworthy husband of his wife,
Let everie word waigh heavie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light : my greatest greefe,
Though little he do feele it, set downe sharpely.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger,
When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that shee
Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure love : which of them both
Is deerest to me, I have no skill in sence
To make distinction : provide this Messenger :
My heart is heavie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would have teares, and sorrow bids me speake. *Exeunt.*

A Tucket afarre off.

*Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughtier, Violenta and
Mariana, with other Citizens.*

Widdow. Nay come,

For if they do approach the Citty,
We shall loose all the sight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done
Most honourable service.

Wid.

It is reported,

That he has taken their great'st Commander,
And that with his owne hand he slew

The Dukes brother : we have lost our labour,
They are gone a contrarie ways harke,
You may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And suffice our selves with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is so rich
As honestie.

Widdow. I have told my neighbour
How you have beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana* ; their promises, entisements, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under : many a maide hath beene seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twiggess that threatens them. I hope I neede not to advise you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope so : looke here comes a pilgrim, I know she will lye at my house, thither they send one another, Ile question her.
God save you pilgrim, whether are bound ?

Hel. To *S. Jaques la grand*.
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you ?

Wid. At the *S. Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way ? *A march afarre.*

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way :
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime

But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe ?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came I thinke from *France* ?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countiman of yours
That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name I pray you ?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion* : know you such a one ?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him :
His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is

He's bravely taken heere. He stole from *France*
As 'tis reported : for the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinke you it is so ?

Hel. I surely meete the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but courselly of her.

Hel. What's his name ?

Dia. Monsieur *Parroller*.

Hel. Oh I beleeve with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselve, she is too meane
To have her name repeated, all her deserving
Is a reserved honestie, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas poore Ladie,
Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wheresoere she is,
Her hart waighes sadly : this yong maid might do her

A shrewd turne if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the unlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeede,

And brokes with all that can in such a suite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:

But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Antbonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,

That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman.

Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knave
That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jacke-an-apes with scarfea. Why is hee melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he has
spyed us.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I will bring you,
Where you shall host: Of injoynd penitents

There's foure or five, to great S. *Jaques* bound,
Alreadie at my house.

Hd. I humbly thanke you :

Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with us to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me : and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen, as at first.

Cap. E. Nay good my Lord put him too't : let him have
his way.

Cap. G. If your Lordshippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me
no more in your respect.

Cap. E. On my life my Lord a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre
Deceiv'd in him.

Cap. E. Beleewe it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge,
without any malice, but to speake of him as my kinsman, hee's a
most notable Coward, an infinite and endlesse Lyar, an hourelly
promise-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your
Lordships entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too farre in
his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie
businessse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme,
which you heare him so confidently undertake to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly surprize him ;
such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemye :
wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no
other but that he is carried into the Leager of the adversaries,
when we bring him to our owne tents : be but your Lordship
present at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life,

and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeite of his soule upon oath, never trust my judgement in anie thing.

Cap. G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you give him not John drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be remov'd. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap. E. O for the love of laughter hinder not the honor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service: it was a disaster of warre that *Cesar* him selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our successe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have beene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of service is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, or *hic jacet*.

Ber. Why if you have a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit:

if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the utmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my certaintie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation; and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy souldiership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

Exit.

Cap. E. No more then a fish loves water. Is not this a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't.

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans favour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discoveries, but when you finde him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himselfe unto?

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almost imboast him, you shall see his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes respect.

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe ere we caue him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this verie night.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twigges,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leave you.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault : I spoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her
By this same Coxcombe that we have i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I have done : She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her ?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke upon.

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your sworne counsaile I have spoken,,
Is so from word to word : and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleeeve you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will over-pay, and pay againe

When I have found it. The Count he woos your daughter,
Lays downe his wanton sledge before her beautie,
Resolve to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it :
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand : a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From sonne to sonne, some foure or five discents,
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds
In most rich choice : yet in his idle sire,
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

Hd. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,
Desires this Ring ; appoints him an encounter ;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chastly absent, after
To marry her, He adde three thousand Crownes
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yeelded :
Instruct my daughter how she shall perseuer,
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthinesse : It nothing steeds us
To chide him from our eeves, for he persists
As if his life lay on't.

Hd. Why then to night
Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede ;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Ætus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with five or six other souldiers in ambush.

1. *Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you sallie upon him, speake what terrible Language you will: though you understand it not your selves, no matter: for we must not seeme to understand him, unlesse some one among us, whom wee must produce for an Interpreter.

1. *Sol.* Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter.

Lor. E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No sir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to us againe.

1. *Sol.* E'n such as you speake to me.

Lo. E. He must thinke us some band of strangers, i'th aduersaries entertainment. Now he hath a smacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must bee a very plauaive invention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces have of late, knock'd too often at my doore; I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the divell should move mee to undertake the recoverie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the instance. Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Bajazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles.

Lo. E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold serve the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo. E. We cannot affoord you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lo. E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lo. E. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo. E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo. E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleevd.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would sweare I recover'd it.

Lo. E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo. E. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransome, ransome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,

Ile discover that, which shal undo the Florentine.

Int. Boskos vauvado, I understand thee, & can speake thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for seventeene ponyards are at thy bosome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,

Manka revania dulce.

Lo. E. Oscorbidulcbos volivvorco.

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet, And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe Something to save thy life.

Par. O let me live,

And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou are granted space.

Exit.

A sbort Alarum within.

L. E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We have caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him mufled
Till we do heare from them.

Sol. Captaine I will.

L. E. A will betray us all unto our selves,
Informe on that.

Sol. So I will sir.

L. E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt. *Exit.*

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesses,

And worth it with addition : but faire soule,
In your fine frame hath love no qualitie ?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument,
When you are dead you should be such a one
As you are now : for you are cold and sterne,
And now you should be as your mother was
When your sweet selfe wis got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No :

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that :

I prethee do not strive against my vowes :
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee
By loves owne sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. I so you serve us

Till we serve you : But when you have our Roses,
You barely leave our thornes to pricke our selves,
And mocke us with our barenesse.

Ber. How have I sworne.

Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true :
What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
But take the high'st to witnesse : then pray you tell me.
If I should sweare by Joves great attributes,
I lov'd you deerely, would you beleewe my oathes,
When I did love you ill ? This ha's no holding
To sweare by him whom I protest to love
That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but unseal'd
At lest in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it :

Be not so holy cruell : Love is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with : Stand no more off,
But give thy selfe unto my sicke desires,
Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
My love as it beginnes, shall so perseuer.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That wee'l forsake our selves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere ; but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not my Lord ?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In me to loose.

Dia. Mine Honors such a Ring,
My chastities the Jewell of our house,
Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Against your vaine assault.

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window :
Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee :
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliver'd :
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.

Adieu till then, then faile not : you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

Di. For which, live long to thank both heaven & me,
You may so in the end.

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Have the like oathes : He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead : therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,
Marry that will, I live and die a Maid :
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cozen him that would unjustly winne.

Exit.

Enter the two French Captaines, and some two or three Souldiours.

Cap. G. You have not given him his mothers letter.

Cap. E. I have deliv'ed it an houre since, there is som thing
in't that stings his nature : for on the reading it, he chang'd
almost into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for
shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the everlasting dis-
pleasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing
happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it
dwell darkly with you.

Cap. G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the
grave of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath perverted a young Gentlewoman heere in
Florence, of a most chaste renown, & this night he fleshes his will
in the spoyle of her honour : hee hath given her his monumentall
Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the unchaste composition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selves,
what things are we.

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours : And as in the common
course of all treasons, we still see them reveale themselves, till they

attaine to their abhorr'd ends : so he that in this action contrives against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore-floues himselfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trumpeters of our unlawfull intents? We shall not then have his company to night?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight : for hee is dieted to his houre.

Cap. G. That approaches apace : I would gladly have him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a measure of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come ; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time, what heare you of these Warres?

Cap. E. I heare there is an overture of peace.

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he travaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his councill.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Jaques le grand* ; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimonie she accomlisht : and there residing, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe : in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, even to the poynt of her death : her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come : was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap. E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountred with a shame as ample.

Cap. G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leave: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap. E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. They cannot bee too sweete for the Kings tartnesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, i't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neerest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Convoy, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your Lordship.

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Foole

and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha's deceiv'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophetesier.

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's sate i'th stockes all night poore gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heeles have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship alreadie : The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be understood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, fro the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i'th stockes : and what thinke you he hath confest ?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a ?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleeeve you are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffeld : he can say nothing of me : hush, hush.

Cap. G. Hoodman comes : *Portotartarossa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. Bosko Chimurcho.

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmarco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall : Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. First demand of him, how many horse the Duke is strong. What say you to that ?

Par. Five or sixe thousand, but very weake and unserviceable : the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so ?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will : all's one to him.

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this ?

Cap. G. Y're deceiv'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur *Parrolles* the gallant Militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practiſe in the chape of his dagger.

Cap. E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeeve he can have everie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. Five or six thousand horse I ſed, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth.

Cap. G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marvailous poore.

Interp. Demaund of him of what strength they are a foot. What say you to that ?

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred & fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many : *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratii*, two hundred fiftie each : Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentii*, two hundred fiftie each : so that the muster file, rotten and sound, uppon my life amounts not to fiftene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselves to peeces.

Ber. What shall be done to him.

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition : and what credite I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe : you shall demaund of him,

whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman : what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres : or whether he thinkes it were not possible with well-waighing summes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this ? What do you know of it ?

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine* ?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieves fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe ?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

Cap. G. Nay looke not so upon me : we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke ?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I have his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you ?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. *Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.*

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir : that is an advertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy : but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it up againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe

of the maid : for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

Int. Let. When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it :

After he scores, he never payes the score :

Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,

He nere payes after-debts, take it before,

And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this :

Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.

For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,

Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,

Parolles.

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life sir in any case : Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may live.

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely : therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine* : you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie ?

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister : for rapes and ravishments he paralels *Nessus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye

sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole : drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, save to his bed-cloathes about him : but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's everie thing that an honest man should not have ; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honestie ? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre ?

Par. Faith sir, he's led the drumme before the English Tragedians : to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mileend*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villaine so farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardceve he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th' intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain* ?

Cap. E. Why do's he aske him of me ?

Int. What's he ?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest : not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in evill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee outrunnes any Lackey ; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

Int. He whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure.

Par. He no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to seeme to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious yong boy the Count, have I run into this danger : yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye : the Generall sayes, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use : therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord sir let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends : So, looke about you, know you any heere ?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo. E. God blesse you Captaine *Parolles*.

Cap. G. God save you noble Captaine.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew* ?
I am for *France*.

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well.

Exeunt.

Int. You are undone Captaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot ?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speake of you there.

Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankfull : if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this : Captaine He be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft
As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live : who knowes himselfe a braggart

Let him feare this; for it will come to passe,
That every braggart shall be found an Asse.
Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parrolles* live
Safest in shame : being fool'd, by fool'rie thrive ;
There's place and meanes for every man alive.
He after them.

*Exit.**Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.*

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie : for whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a desired office
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marcella*, to which place
We have convenient convoy : you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heaven ayding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a servant to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistris
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love : Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When sawcie trusting of the cosin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,

But more of this heereafter : you *Diana*,
Under my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honestie
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hed. Yet I pray you :
But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaves as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe : we must away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us,
All's well that ends well, still the fines the Crowne ;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had beene alive at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more advanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature had praise for creating. If she had partaken of my flesh and cost mee the deereast groanes of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such another hearbe.

Clo. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knave, they are nose-earbes.

Clowne. I am no great *Nabuchadnezzar* sir, I have not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knave or a foole ?

Clo. A foole sir at a womans service, and a knave at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Clo. I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble sir to doe her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and foole.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fisnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darkenesse, alias the divell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purse, I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes upon em sir, they shall bee Jades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a patten for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse : and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was upon his returne home. I moved the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Majestie out of a selfe gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe up the displeasure he hath conceived against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it ?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

La. It rejoyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my sonne will be heere to night : I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priviledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I have made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with a patch of velvet on's face, whether there bee a scar under't or no, the Velvet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheek is worne bare.

Laf. A scarre nobly got,
Or a noble scarre, is a good liv'rie of honor,
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let us go see
Your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble souldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at everie man. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it :
But since you have made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can unroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may helpe me to his Majesties eare,
If he would spend his power. God save you sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not false
From the report that goes upon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your owne vertues, for the which
I shall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will ?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gen. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir ?

Gen. Not indeed,

He hence remov'd last night, and with more hast
Then is his use.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so adverse, and meanes unfit :
I do beseech you, whither is he gone ?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make us meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank't what
e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go, provide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lavatch* give my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I
have ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I have held
familiaritie with fresher cloathes : but I am now sir muddied in
fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong dis-
pleasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so
strongly as thou speak'st of : I will hencefoorth eate no Fish of
Fortunes butt'ring. Pre'thee alow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir : I spake but by
a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose,
or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away, a paper from fortunes close-
stoole, to give to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the uncleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, use the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, Foolish, rascally knave. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word.

Laf. You begge a single peny more: Come you shall ha't, save your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion, give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee.

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee knave, doest thou put upon mee at once both the office of God and the divel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you last night, though you are a foole and a knave, you shall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kim. We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme
Was made much poorer by it : but your sonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know
Her estimation home.

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege,
And I beseech your Majestie to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kim. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I begge my pardon : the yong Lord
Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note ; but to himselfe,
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eies : whose words all cares tooke captive,
Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd Mistria.

Kim. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition : Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we do burie
Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender ; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege

Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we have a match. I have Letters sent me,
that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile
In me at once : But to the brightest beames
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Sovereaigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top :
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first
I stucke my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue :
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of everie other favour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I have lost, have lov'd ; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd :

That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt : but love that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried
To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone : Our rash faults,
Make triviall price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, untill we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures to our selves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust :
Our owne love waking, cries to see what's done,
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,
The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay
To see our widdowers second marriage day :
Which better then the first. O deere heaven blesse,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested : give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. By my old beard,
And ev'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a sweet creature : such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leave at Court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't :
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes ever stooode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releev her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most ?

Ber. My gracious Soveraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,

The ring was never here.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I have seen her wear it, and she reckon'd it
At her lives rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, she never saw it :
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it : Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd, but when I had subscrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavie satisfaction, and would never
Receive the Ring againe.

Kin. *Platus* himselfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,
Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who ever gave it you : then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unlesse she gave it to your selfe in bed,
Where you have never come : or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely : as I love mine Honor,
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should prove
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not prove so :
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleeve,

More then to see this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-past proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall raze my feares of little vanitie,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Sovereaigne.

Whether I have beene to blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or five removes come short,
To tender it her selfe. I undertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending : her businesse lookes in her
With an importing visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highnesse with her selfe.

A Letter

*Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife was dead,
I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Rossillion a
Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my honors payed
to him. Hee stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow
him to his Country for Justice. Grant it me, O King, in you it
best lies, otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poore Maide is
undone.*

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this.
He none of him.

Kim. The heavens have thought well on thee *Lafew*,

To bring forth this discov'rie, seek these sutors :
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie).
Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now justice on the doers.

King. I wonder sir, sir, wives are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that ?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do understand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Women ?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further ?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange upon your wife ?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie
You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heavens vowes, and those are mine :
You give away my selfe, which is knowne mine :
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. Your reputation comes too short for my daughter, you are
no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with : let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour.

Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you have them il to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer : prove your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him upon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What saist thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord : If I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not beleeeve him. O behold this Ring,
Whose high respect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell : yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.

Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit :
Of sixe preceding Ancestors, that Jemme
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes.

King. Me thought you saide
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles*.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.

Ros. What of him :
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,
Whose nature sickens : but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l utter,
That will speake any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ros. I thinke she has ; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
 And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth :
 She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
 Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
 As all impediments in fancies course
 Are motives of more fancie, and in fine,
 Her infinite comming with her moderne grace,
 Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring,
 And I had that which any inferiour might
 At Market price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient :
 You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
 May justly dyet me. I pray you yet,
 (Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
 Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
 And give me mine againe.

Ros. I have it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you ?

Dian. Sir much like the same upon your finger.

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed.

Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
 Out of a Casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*

Ros. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you :
 Is this the man you speake of ?

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
 Not fearing the displeasure of your master :
 Which on your just proceeding, Ile keepe off,
 By him and by this woman heere, what know you ?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath bin an honourable
 Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

Kin. Come, come, to'th'purpose : Did hee love this woman ?

Par. Faith sir he did love her, but how.

Kim. How I pray you?

Par. He did love her sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.

Kim. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her sir, and lov'd her not.

Kim. As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equivocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Majesties command.

Lef. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie Orator.

Kim. Do you know he promis't me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.

Kim. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Majesty: I did goe betweene them as I said, but more then that he loved her, for indeede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furie, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive mee ill will to speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know.

Kim. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married, but thou art too fine in thy evidence, therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dis. I my good Lord.

Kim. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dis. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

Kim. Who lent it you?

Dis. It was not lent me neither.

Kim. Where did you finde it then?

Dis. I found it not.

Kim. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you give it him?

Dis. I never gave it him.

Lef. This woman as easie gave my Lord, she goes off and on at pleasure.

Kim. This Ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dis. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kim. Take her away, I do not like her now.

To prison with her : and away with him,
Unlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. Ile never tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By Jove if ever I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accuse him al this while.

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guilty :
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't :
Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

Kin. She does abuse our eares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
Though yet he never harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe :
Dead though she be, she feeles her yong one kicke :
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes ?
Is't reall that I see ?

Hel. No my good Lord,
Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name, and not the thing.

Ros. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,

And looke you, heeres your letter : this it sayes,
 When from my finger you can get this Ring,
 And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
 Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne ?

Ros. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
 Ile love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hcl. If it appeare not plaine, and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
 O my deere mother do I see you living ?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon :
 Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
 So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee :
 Let thy curtiaies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this storie know,
 To make the even truth in pleasure flow :
 If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower,
 Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
 For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
 Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
 Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
 Resoldvedly more leasure shall expresse :
 All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
 The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

T*He Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
 All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
 That you expresse Content : which we will pay,
 With strife to please you, day exceeding day :
 Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
 Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*

Exeunt omni.

FINIS.

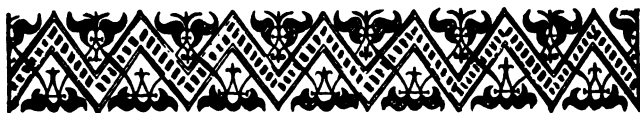






TWELFTH NIGHT.

Act II. Sc. III.



Twelve Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Orsino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.

F Musicke be the food of Love, play on,
Give me excesse of it : that surfetting,
The appetite may sicken, and so dye.

That straine agen, it had a dying fall :
O, it came ore my eare, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a banke of Violets ;
Stealing, and giving Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of Love, how quicke and fresh art thou,
That notwithstanding thy capacitie,
Receiveth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch so ere
But falles into abatement, and low price
Even in a minute ; so full of shapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantasticall.

Curio. Will you go hunt my Lord ?

Duke.

What *Curio* ?

Curio. The Hart.

Duke. Why so I do, the Noblest that I have :
O when mine eyes did see *Olivia* first,
Me thought she purg'd the ayre of pestilence ;
That instant was I turn'd into a Hart,

And my desires like id and cruel sounds.
 Ere once part me. Have you what news from her?

Enter Titania.

Tit. So please my Lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her command in virtue this answer:
 The Element is sick, all sweet senses dead,
 Shall not behold her face as simple view:
 But like a Circe she will woe's walk,
 And water such a day her Chamber round
 With eye-offending fume all this is season
 A brechen dead love, which she would keep fresh
 And living, in her sad remembrance.

Des. O she that hath a heart of that fine frame
 To pay this debt of love but as a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her. When Liver, Braine, and Heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
 Her sweetest perfections with one sick king:
 Away before me, to sweet beds of Flowers,
 Love-thoughts live rich, when canopy'd with bowres. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captain, and Seafors.

Vis. What Country (Friends) is this?

Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.

Vis. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elizium,

Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you saylors?

Cap. It is perchance that you your self were saved.

Vis. O my poore brother, and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
 Assure your selfe, after our ship did split,

When you, and those poore number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boate : I saw your brother
Most provident in perill, binde himselfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practise)
To a strong Maste, that liv'd upon the sea :
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's Gold :
Mine owne escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authoritie
The like of him. Know'st thou this Countrey ?

Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres travaile from this very place.

Vio. Who governes heere ?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name ?

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. *Orsino*.

Vio. *Orsino* : I have heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the lesse will prattle of,)
That he did seeke the love of faire *Olivia*.

Vio. What's shee ?

Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his sonne, her brother,
Who shortly also dide : for whose deere love
(They say) she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world
Till I had made mine owne occasion mellow

What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kinde of suite,
No, not the Dukes.

Vio. There is a faire behaviour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution : yet of thee
I will beleve thou hast a minde that suites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteously)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For such disguise as haply shall become
The forme of my intent. Ile serve this Duke,
Thou shalt present me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines : for I can sing,
And speake to him in many sorts of Musicke,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thanke thee : Lead me on.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of
her brother thus ? I am sure care's an enimie to life.

Mar. By my troth sir *Toby*, you must come in earlyer a nights :
your Cosin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you must confine your selfe within the modest limits
of order.

To. Confine ? Ile confine my selfe no finer then I am : these

cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and so bee these boots too : and they be not, let them hang themselves in their owne straps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will undoe you : I heard my Ladie talke of it yesterday : and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer.

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke* ?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th'purpose ?

To. Why he ha's three thousand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l have but a yeare in all these ducates : He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

To. Fie, that you'l say so : he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almost naturall : for besides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller : and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Tob. By this hand they are scoundrels and subtractors that say so of him. Who are they ?

Ma. They that adde moreovr, hee's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece : Ile drinke to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria : he's a Coward and a Coystrell that will not drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a parish top. What wench ? *Castiliano vulgo* : for here coms Sir *Andrew Agueface*.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch*. How now sir *Toby Belch* ?

To. Sweet sir *Andrew*.

And. Blesse you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too sir.

Tob. Accost Sir *Andrew*, accost.

And. What's that?

To. My Neece's Chamber-maid.

Ma. Good Mistris accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Ma. My name is *Mary* sir.

And. Good mistris *Mary*, accost.

To. You mistake knight: Accost, is front her, boord her, woe her, assaile her.

And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accost?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part so Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightst never draw sword agen.

And. And you part so mistris, I would I might never draw sword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you have fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I have not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you shall have, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now sir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (sweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry sir.

And. Why I thinke so: I am not such an asse, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Ma. A dry jest Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

Ma. I Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria.*

To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of Canarie: when did I see thee so put downe?

An. Never in your life I thinke, unlesse you see Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes sometimes I have no more wit then a Christian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeve that does harme to my wit.

To. No question.

An. And I thought that, I'de forswear it. Ile ride home to morrow sir *Toby*.

To. *Pur-quoy* my deere knight?

An. What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that have mended my haire?

To. Past question, for thou seest it will not coole my nature.

An. But it becoms we wel enough, dost not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a distaffe: & I hope to see a huswife take thee between her legs, & spin it off.

An. Faith Ile home to morrow sir *Toby*, your niece will not be seene, or if she be it's four to one, she'll none of me: the Count himselfe here hard by, wooes her.

To. Shee'll none o'th Count, she'll not match above hir degree, neither in estate, yeares, nor wit: I have heard her swear't. Tut there's life in't man.

And. Ile stay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th strangest minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Revels sometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at these kicke-chawses Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I have the backe-tricke, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore have these gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take dust, like mistris *Mals* picture? Why dost thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke should be a Jigge: I would not so much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What doest thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent constitution of thy legge, it was form'd under the starre of a Galliard.

And. I, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd stocke. Shall we sit about some Revels?

To. What shall we do else: were we not borne under Taurus?

And. Taurus? That sides and heart.

To. No sir, it is leggs and thighes: let me see thee caper.
Ha, higher: ha, ha: excellent. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you *Cesario*, you are like to be much advanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant sir, in his favours.

Val. No beleeve me.

Enter Duke, Curio and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who saw *Cesario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Cesario*,
 Thou knowst no lesse, but all: I have unclasp'd
 To thee the booke even of my secret soule.
 Therefore good youth, addresse thy gate unto her,
 Be not deni'de accesse, stand at her doores,
 And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
 Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
 If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
 As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Du. Be clamorous, and leape all civill bounds,

Rather then make unprofited returne.

Vio. Say I do speake with her (my Lord) what then?

Du. O then, unfold the passion of my love,

Surprize her with discourse of my deere faith;

It shall become thee well to act my woes:

She will attend it better in thy youth,

Then in a Nuntio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I thinke not so, my Lord.

Du. Deere Lad, beleeve it;

For they shall yet belye thy happy yeeres,

That say thou art a man: *Dianas* lip

Is not more smooth, and rubious: thy small pipe

Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,

And all is semblative a womans part.

I know thy constellation is right apt

For this affayre: some foure or five attend him,

All if you will: for I my selfe am best

When least in companie: prosper well in this,

And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,

To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. Ile do my best

To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull strife,

Who ere I woe, my selfe would be his wife.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou hast bin, or I will not open my lippes so wide as a brissle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton answer : I can tell thee where that saying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good mistris *Mary* ?

Ma. In the warre, & that may you be bolde to say in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it : & those that are fooles, let them use their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent, or to be turn'd away : is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

Clo. Many a good hanging, prevents a bad marriage : and for turning away, let summer beare it out.

Ma. You are resolute then ?

Clo. Not so neyther, but I am resolv'd on two points.

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold : or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt : well go thy way, if sir *Toby* would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eves* flesh, as any in *Illyria*.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o' that : here comes my Lady : make your excuse wisely, you were best.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling : those wits that thinke they have thee, doe very oft prove fooles : and I that am sure I lacke thee, may passe for a wise man. For what saies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a foolish wit. God blesse thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole : Ile no more of you : besides you grow dis-honest.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counsell will amend : for give the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry : bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest ; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him : any thing

that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that transgresses, is but patcht with sinne, and sin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this simple Sillogisme will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, so beauties a flower; The Lady had take away the foole, therefore I say againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to say, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, give mee leave to prove you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good *Madona*.

Ol. Make your prooffe.

Clo. I must catechize you for it *Madona*. Good my Mouse of vertue answer mee.

Ol. Well sir, for want of other idlenesse, Ile bide your prooffe.

Clo. Good *Madona*, why mournst thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his soule is in hell, *Madona*.

Ol. I know his soule is in heaven, foole.

Clo. The more foole (*Madona*) to mourne for your Brother's soule, being in heaven. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Malvolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmitie that decaies the wise, doth ever make the better foole.

Clow. God send you sir, a speedie Infirmitie, for the better increasing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be sworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not passe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How say you to that *Malvolio*?

Mal. I marvell your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascall: I saw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a stone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: unles you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gag'd. I protest I take these Wisemen, that crow so at these set kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles *Zanica*.

Ol. O you are sicke of selfe love *Malvolio*, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltlesse, and of free disposition, is to take those things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets : There is no slander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle ; nor no rayling, in a knowne discreet man, though hee do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much desires to speake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orsino*, is it ?

Ma. I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinsman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he speakes nothing but madman : Fie on him. Go you *Malvolio* ; If it be a suit from the Count, I am sicke, or not at home. What you will, to dismisse it.

Exit Malvo.

Now you see sir, how your fooling growes old, & people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us (Madona) as if thy eldest sonne should be a foole : whose scull, Love cramme with braines, for heere he comes.

Enter Sir Toby.

One of thy kin has a most weake *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Cosin ?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman ? What Gentleman ?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o' these pickle hering : How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Cosin, Cosin, how have you come so earely by this Lethargie ?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the divell and he will, I care not: give me faith say I. Well, it's all one. *Exit.*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught above heate, makes him a foole, the second maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and seeke the Crowner, and let him sitte o' my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole shall looke to the madman.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow sweares hee will speake with you. I told him you were sicke, he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speake with you. I told him you were asleepe, he seems to have a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speake with you. What is to be said to him Ladie, hee's fortified against any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he shall not speake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told so: and hee sayes hee'l stand at your doore like a Sheriffes post, and be the supporter to a bench, but hee'l speake with you.

Ol. What kinde o' man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l speake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what personage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a squash is before tis a pescod, or a Codling when tis almost an Apple: 'Tis with him in standing water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-favour'd, and he speakes verie shrewishly: One would thinke his mothers milke were scarce out of him.

Ol. Let him approach : Call in my Gentlewoman.

Md. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls.

Exit.

Enter Maria.

Ol. Give me my vaile : come throw it ore my face.
Wee'l once more heare *Orrinas* Embassie.

Enter Valente.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the house, which is she ?

Ol. Speake to me, I shall answer for her : your will.

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the house, for I never saw her. I would bee loath to cast away my speech : for besides that it is excellently well pend, I have taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee sustaine no scorne ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Ol. Whence came you sir ?

Vio. I can say little more then I have studied, & that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give mee modest assurance, if you be the Ladie of the house, that I may proceede in my speech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian ?

Vio. No my profound heart : and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I sweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the house ?

Ol. If I do not usurpe my selfe, I am.

Vio. Most certaine, if you are she, you do usurp your selfe : for what is yours to bestowe, is, not yours to reserve. But this is from my Commission : I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Ol. Come to what is important in't : I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to studie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were sawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone : if you have reason, be breefe : 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyst sayle sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good swabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, sweete Ladie ; tell me your minde, I am a messenger.

Ol. Sure you have some hiddeous matter to deliver, when the curtesie of it is so fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your eare : I bring no overture of warre, no taxation of homage ; I hold the Olyffe in my hand : my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you begun rudely. What are you ? What would you ?

Vio. The rudenesse that hath appear'd in mee, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head : to your eares, Divinity ; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Give us the place alone,
We will heare this divinitie. Now sir, what is your text ?

Vio. Most sweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee saide of it.
Where lies your Text ?

Vio. In *Orsinoes* bosome.

Ol. In his bosome ? In what chapter of his bosome ?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his hart.

Ol. O, I have read it : it is heresie. Have you no more to say ?

Vio. Good Madam, let me see your face.

Ol. Have you any Commission from your Lord, to negotiate with my face : you are now out of your Text : but we will draw the Curtain, and shew you the picture. Looke you sir, such a one I was this present : Ist not well done ?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. Tis in graine sir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white,
Natures owne sweet, and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruell'st shée alive,
If you will leade these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copie.

Ol. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted : I will give out divers
scedules of my beautie. It shalbe Inventoried and every particle
and utensile labell'd to my will : As, Item two lippes indifferent
redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them : Item, one necke,
one chin, & so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me ?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud :
But if you were the divell, you are faire
My Lord, and master loves you : O such love :
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he love me ?

Vio. With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder love, with sighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him
Yet I suppose him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainlesse youth ;
In voyces well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person ; But yet I cannot love him :
He might have tooke his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my masters flame,
With such a suffring, such a deadly life :
In your deniall, I would finde no sence,
I would not understand it.

Ol. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call upon my soule within the house,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned love,
And sing them lowd even in the dead of night :
Hallow your name to the reverberate hilles,
And make the babling Gossip of the aire,
Cry out *Olivia* : O you should not rest
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you should pittie me.

Ol. You might do much :
What is your Parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord :
I cannot love him : let him send no more,
Unlesse (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it : Fare you well :
I thanke you for your paines : spend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poast, Lady ; keepe your purse,
My Master, not my selfe, lackes recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shal love,
And let your fervour like my masters be,
Plac'd in contempt : Farwell fayre crueltie.

Exit.

Ol. What is your Parentage ?
Above my fortunes, yet my state is well,
I am a Gentleman. Ile be sworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon : not too fast : soft, soft,
Unlesse the Master were the man. How now ?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an invisible, and subtle stealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Malvolio*.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your service.

Ol. Run after that same peevish Messenger
The Countes man : he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not : tell him, Ile none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes, I am not for him :
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile give him reasons for't : hie thee *Malvolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will.

Exit.

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde :
Fate, shew thy force, our selves we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be : and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer : nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no : my starres shine darkely over me ; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may beare my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir : my determinate voyage is meere extravagancie. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in : therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe : you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you have heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre : if the Heavens had beene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful : but thogh I could not with such estimable wonders over-farre beleewe that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that envy could not

but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let mee be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is kill him, whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court, farewell.

Exit.

Ant. The gentlenesse of all the gods go with thee:

I have many enemies in Orsino's Court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there:

But come what may, I do adore thee so,

That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go.

Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at severall doores.

Mal. Were not you ev'n now, with the Countesse *Olivia*?

Vio. Even now sir, on a moderate pace, I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might have saved mee my paines, to have taken it away your selfe. She adds moreover, that you should put your Lord into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never so hardie to come againe in his affaires, unlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receive it so.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peevishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it.

Exit.

Vio. I left no Ring with her : what means this Lady ?
 Fortune forbid my out-side have not charm'd her :
 She made good view of me, indeed so much,
 That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,
 For she did speake in starts distractedly.
 She loves me sure, the cunning of her passion
 Invites me in this churlish messenger :
 None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none ;
 I am the man, if it be so, as tis,
 Poore Lady, she were better love a dreame :
 Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,
 Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
 How easie is it, for the proper false
 In womens waxen hearts to set their formes :
 Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,
 For such as we are made, if such we bee :
 How will this fadge? My master loves her deerely,
 And I (poore monster) fond as much on him :
 And she (mistaken) seemes to dote on me :
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my maisters love :
 As I am woman (now alas the day)
 What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Olivia* breath?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I,
 It is too hard a knot for me t'unty.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach *Sir Andrew* : not to bee a bedde after mid-night, is to be up betimes, and *Delicula surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not : but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfill'd Canne. To be

up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early : so that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our lives consist of the foure Elements ?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler ; let us therefore eate and drinke. *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts : Did you never see the Picture of we three ?

To. Welcome asse, now let's have a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Queubus* : 'twas very good yfaith : I sent thee sixe pence for thy Lemon, hadst it ?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity : for *Malvolios* nose is no Whip-stocke. My Ladie has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houses.

An. Excellent : Why this is the best fooling, when all is done : Now a song.

To. Come on, there is sixe pence for you. Let's have a song.

An. There's a testrill of me too : if one knight give a

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life ?

To. A love song, a love song.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

*O Mistris mine where are you roming ?
O stay and heare, your true loves coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further prettie sweeting.
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise mans sonne doth know,*

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love, tis not beereafter,
Present mirth, bath present laughter :
What's to come, is still unsure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kisse me sweet and twentie :
Youths a stuffe will not endure.*

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will draw three soules out of one Weaver? Shall we do that?

And. And you love me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

An. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, then Knaue* knight. I shall be constrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin.

Catch sung.

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie have not call'd up her Steward *Malvolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, never trust me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Malvolios* a *Peg-a-ramsie*, and *Three merry men be wee*. Am not I consanguinous? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, *There dwell a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too : he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. *O the twelfth day of December.*

Mar. For the love o' God peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad ? Or what are you ? Have you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night ? Do yee make an Ale-house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice ? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you ?

To. We did keepe time sir in our Catches. Snecke up.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I must be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate your selfe and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house : if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good *Sir Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do shew his dayes are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so ?

To. But I will never dye.

Clo. *Sir Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. Shall I bid him go.

Clo. What and if you do ?

To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not ?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

To. Out o'tune sir, ye lye : Art any more then a Steward ? Dost thou thinke because thou art vertuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale ?

Clo. Yes by *S. Anne*, and *Ginger* shall bee hotte y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe sir, rub your Chaine with crums.
A stope of Wine *Maria.*

Mal. Mistris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies favour at any thing more then contempt, you would not give meanes for this uncivill rule; she shall know of it by this hand. *Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promise with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I have witte enough to lye straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Possesse us, possesse us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marrie sir, sometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquisite reason, deere knight.

An. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The div'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser, an affection'd Asse: that cons State without booke, and utters it by great swarths. The best perswaded of himselfe: so cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, love him: and on that vice in him, will my revenge finde notable cause to worke.

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure Epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expresseure of his eye, forehead, and complexion he shall finde himselfe most feelingly personated. I can

write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a device.

An. I hav't in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my Neece, and that shee's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

An. And your horse now would make him an Asse.

Mar. Asse, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you : I know my Physicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he shall finde the Letter : observe his construction of it : For this night to bed, and dreame on the event : Farewell.

Exit.

To. Good night *Penthesilea*.

An. Before me she's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me : what o'that ?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight : Thou hadst neede send for more money.

An. If I cannot recover your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou hast her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne some Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now : Come knight, come knight.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Give me some Musick ; Now good morow frends.
Now good *Cesario*, but that peece of song,

That old and Anticke song we heard last night;
 Me thought it did releevē my passion much,
 More then light ayres, and recollected termes
 Of these most briske and giddy-paced times.
 Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not heere (so please your Lordshippe) that should sing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Feste* the Jester my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Olivia*'s Father tooke much delight in. He is about the house.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Musicke playes.

Come hither Boy, if ever thou shalt love
 In the sweet pangs of it, remember me :
 For such as I am, all true Lovers are,
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
 Save in the constant image of the creature
 That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune ?

Vio. It gives a verie eccho to the seate
 Where love is thron'd.

Du. Thou dost speake masterly,
 My life upon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
 Hath staid upon some favour that it loves :
 Hath it not boy ?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Du. What kinde of woman ist ?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith ?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heaven : Let still the woman take
 An elder then her selfe, so weares she to him ;
 So swayes she levell in her husbands heart :
 For boy, however we do praise our selves,
 Our fancies are more giddie and unfirme,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worne,

Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Love be yonger then thy selfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as Roses, whose faire flowre
Being once displaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And so they are : alas, that they are so :
To die, even when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the song we had last night :
Marke it Cesario, it is old and plaine ;
The Spinsters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weave their thred with bones,
Do use to chaunt it : it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir ?

Duke. I prethee sing.

Musicke.

The Song.

*Come away, come away death,
And in sad cypresse let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am slaine by a faire cruell maide :
My shroud of white, stuck all with Ew, O prepare it,
My part of death no one so true did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be strewne :
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones shall be throwne :
A thousand thousand sigbes to save, lay me o' where
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weepe there.*

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clo. No paines sir, I take pleasure in singing sir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleasure then.

Ch. Truly sir, and pleasure will be paid one time, or another.

Du. Give me now leave, to leave thee.

Ch. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would have men of such constancie put to Sea, that their businesse might be every thing, and their intent everie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit.*

Du. Let all the rest give place : Once more *Cesario*,
Get thee to yond same soveraigne crueltie :
Tell her my love, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her :
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune :
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Jems
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soule.

Vio. But if she cannot love you sir.

Du. It cannot be so answered.

Vio. Sooth but you must.

Say that some Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for *Olivia* : you cannot love her :
You tel her so : Must she not then be answer'd ?

Du. There is no womans sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart : no womans heart
So bigge, to hold so much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, j
No motion of the Liver, but the Pallat,
That suffer surfet, cloyment, and revolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digest as much, make no compare
Betweene that love a woman can beare me,

And that I owe *Olivia*.

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What dost thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :

In faith they are as true of heart, as we.

My Father had a daughter lov'd a man

As it might be perhaps, were I a woman

I should your Lordship.

Du. And what's her history?

Vio. A blanke my Lord : she never told her love,

But let concealment like a worme i'th budde

Feede on her damaske cheeke : she pin'd in thought,

And with a greene and yellow melancholly,

She sate like Patience on a Monument,

Smiling at greefe. Was not this love indeede?

We men may say more, sweare more, but indeed

Our shewes are more then will : for still we prove

Much in our vowes, but little in our love.

Du. But di'de thy sister of her love my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers house,

And all the brothers too : and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,

To her in haste : give her this Jewell : say,

My love can give no place, bide no denay.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian*.

Fab. Nay Ile come : if I loose a scruple of this sport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly Rascally sheepe-biter, come by some notable shame?

Fa. I would exult man : you know he brought me out o' favour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l have the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, shall we not sir *Andrew* ?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our lives.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine : How now my Mettle of India ?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree : *Malvolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practising behaviour to his own shadow this halfe houre : observe him for the love of Mockerie : for I know this Letter wil make a contemplative Ideot of him. Close in the name of jeasting, lye thou there : for heere comes the Trowt, that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me she did affect me, and I have heard her self come thus neere, that should shee fancie, it should bee one of my complection. Besides she uses me with a more exalted respect, then any one else that followes her. What should I thinke on't ?

To. Heere's an over-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace : Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he jets under his advanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could so beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I say.

Mal. To be Count *Malvolio*.

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Pistoll him, pistoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't : The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Jezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deeply in : looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Having beene three moneths married to her, sitting in my state.

To. O for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Velvet gowne : having come from a day bedde, where I have left *Olivia* sleeping.

To. Fire and Brimstone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humor of state : and after a demure travaile of regard : telling them I knowe my place, as I would they should doe theirs : to aske for my kinsman *Toby*.

To. Boltes and shackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seaven of my people with an obedient start, make out for him : I frowne the while, and perchance winde up my watch, or play with my some rich Jewell : *Toby* approaches ; curtsies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow live ?

Fa. Though our silence be drawne from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus : quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes, then ?

Mal. Saying, Cosine *Toby*, my Fortunes having cast me on your Neece, give me this prerogative of speech.

To. What, what ?

Mal. You must amend your drunkennesse.

To. Out scab.

Fa. Nay patience, or we breake the sinewes of our plot ?

Mal. Besides you waste the treasure of your time, with a foolish knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One sir *Andrew*.

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment have we heere.

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: these bee her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes shee her great *P's*. It is in contempt of question her hand.

An. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. *To the unknowne below'd, this, and my good Wishes:* Her very Phrases: By your leave wax. Soft, and the impressure her *Lucretia*, with which she uses to seale: tis my *Ladie*: To whom should this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liver and all.

Mal. *Jove knowes I love, but who, Lips do not moove, no man must know.* No man must know. What followes?

The numbers alter'd: No man must know,
If this should be thee *Malvolio*?

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. *I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucretia knife:*

With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish a poyson has she drest him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. *I may command, where I adore:* Why shee may command me: I serve her, she is my *Ladie*. Why this is evident to any formall capacite. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetically position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly *M.O.A.I.*

To. O I, make up that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Malvolio, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers under probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I. This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for every one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here follows prose: *If this fall into thy hand, revolve.* In my stars I am above thee, but be not affraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeves greatnesse, and some have greatnesse thrust uppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inure thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the tricke of singularitie. Shee thus advises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell. Shee that would alter services with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champion discovers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point devise, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination jade mee; for every reason excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legge being crosse-garter'd,

and in this she manifests her selfe to my love, & with a kinde of injunſtion drives mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy : I will bee strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd, even with the swiftnesse of putting on. Jove, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainst my love, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee.* Jove I thanke thee, I will smile, I wil do every thing that thou wilt have me. *Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this device.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou set thy foote o' my necke.

An. Or o' mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become thy bondslave?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke upon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady : hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests : and hee will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuteable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt : if you wil see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent divell of wit.

And. Ile make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus.

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Viola. Save thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou live by thy Tabor?

Clow. No sir, I live by the Church.

Viola. Art thou a Churchman?

Clow. No such matter sir, I do live by the Church: For, I do live at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

Viola. So thou maist say the King's lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neere him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clow. You have said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a chev'rill glove to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Viola. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clow. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Viola. Why man?

Clow. Why sir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Viola. Thy reason man?

Clow. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

Clow. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino's*.

Clo. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry sir, but the Foole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistris: I thinke I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, and thou passe upon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now love in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not have it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a paire of these have bred sir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Vio. I understand you sir, tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conster to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is over-worne. *Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craves a kinde of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at every Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wise-mans Art:
For folly that he wisely shewes, is fit;
But wisemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Save you Gentleman.

Vio. And you sir.

And. *Dieu vou guard Monsieur.*

Vio. *Et vous ouste vostre serviture.*

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better understand me sir, then I understand what you meane by bidding me taste my legs.

To. I meane to go sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heavens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed : Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leave mee to my hearing. Give me your hand sir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and most humble service ?

Ol. What is your name ?

Vio. *Cesurio* is your servants name, faire Princeesse.

Ol. My servant sir ? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement :
Y'are servant to the Count *Orsino* youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours :
Your servants servant, is your servant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him : for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.
I bad you never speake againe of him ;
But would you undertake another suite
I had rather heare you, to solicit that,
Then Musicke from the spheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Give me leave, beseech you : I did send,
After the last enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse
My selfe, my servant, and I feare me you :
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you in a shamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think ?
Have you not set mine Honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th'unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think ? To one of your receiving
Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,
Hides my heart : so let me heare you speake.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No not a grize : for 'tis a vulgar prooffe
That verie oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to smile agen :
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud ?
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe ?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke upbraides me with the waste of time :
Be not affraid good youth, I will not have you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reape a proper man :

There lies your way, due West.

Vio. Then Westward hoe :

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship :

You'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me :

Ol. Stay : I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me ?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right : I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would have you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am ?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull ?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murtherous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,

Then love that would seeme hid : Loves night, is noone.

Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide :

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :

But rather reason thus, with reason fetter ;

Love sought, is good : but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I sweare, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,

And that no woman has, nor never none

Shall mistris be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu good Madam, never more,

Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe : for thou perhaps mayst move

That heart which now abhorres to like his love.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not stay a jot longer :

To. Thy reason deere venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needes yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew*?

And. Marry I saw your Neece do more favours to the Counts Serving-man, then ever she bestow'd upon mee : I saw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

And. S'light ; will you make an Asse o'me.

Fab. I will prove it legitimate sir, upon the Oathes of judgement, and reason.

To. And they have beene grand Jurie men, since before *Noah* was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did shew favour to the youth in your sight, onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liver : you should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bangd the youth into dumbenesse : this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt : the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an ysickle on a Dutchmans beard, unlesse you do redeeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for policie I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it, and assure thy selfe, there is no love-Broker in the world, can more prevaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew*.

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curst and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England, set 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. Wee'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go. *Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby*.

To. I have beene deere to him lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fa. We shall have a rare Letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

To. Never trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on the youth to an answer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you finde so much blood in his Liver, as will clog the foote of a flea, He eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngest Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your selves into stitches, follow me; yond gull *Malvolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian that meanes to be saved by beleeving rightly, can ever beleeve such impossible passages of grossnesse. Hee's in yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I have dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does

obey every point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not scene such a thing as tis: I can hardly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will strike him: if shee doe, hee'l smile, and take't for a great favour.

To. Come bring us, bring us where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed steele) did spurre me forth,
And not all love to see you (though so much
As might have drawne one to a longer voyage)
But jealousie, what might befall your travell,
Being skillesse in these parts: which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough, and unhospitable. My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Antonio,*
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and ever oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such uncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,
You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let us satisfie our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.

Ant. Would youl'd pardon me :

I do not without danger walke these streetes.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,
I did some service, of such note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well have given us bloody argument :
It might have since bene answer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques sake
Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,
For which if I be lapæd in this place
I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me : hold sir, here's my purse,
In the South Suburbs at the Elephant
Is best to lodge : I will bespeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase : and your store
I thinke is not for idle Markets, sir.

Seb. Ile be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an houre.

Ant. To th' Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I have sent after him, he says hee'l come :
How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speake too loud : Where's *Malvolio*, he is sad, and civill,
And suites well for a servant with my fortunes,
Where is *Malvolio*?

Mar. He's comming Madame :
But in very strange manner. He is sure possesst Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rave?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile : your Ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if hee come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If sad and merry madnesse equall bee.
How now *Malvolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad :

This does make some obstruction in the blood :

This crosse gartering, but what of that?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is : Please one, and please all.

Ol. Why how doest thou man?

What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges :
It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall be executed.
I thinke we doe know the sweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Malvolio*?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you *Malvolio*?

Malvo. At your request:
Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldnesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanst thou by that *Malvolio*?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeve greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some have greatnesse thrust upon them.

Ol. Heaven restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsommer madnesse.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orsino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyships pleasure.

Ol. Ile come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Cosine *Toby*, let some of my people have a speciall care of him, I would not have him miscarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *Exit.*

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse man then sir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurre directly with the Letter,

she sends him on purpose, that I may appeare stubborne to him : for she incites me to that in the Letter. Cast thy humble slough ayes she : be opposite with a Kinsman, surly with servants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the tricke of singularity : and consequently setts downe the manner how : as a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth. I have lymde her, but it is Joves doing, and Jove make me thankfull. And when she went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too : Fellow ? not *Malvolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why every thing adheres together, that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance : What can be saide ? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of sanctity. If all the divels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himselfe possess him, yet Ile speake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is : how ist with you sir ? How ist with you man ?

Mal. Go off, I discard you : let me enjoy my private : go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speakes within him ; did not I tell you ? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does she so ?

To. Go too, go too : peace, peace, wee must deale gently with him : Let me alone. How do you *Malvolio* ? How ist with you ? What man, defie the divell : consider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you say ?

Mar. La you, and you speake ill of the divell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.]

Fab. Carry his water to th'wise woman.

Mar. Marry and it shall be done to morrow morning if I live.
My Lady would not loose him for more then ile say.

Mal. How now mistris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way : Doe you not see you move him ? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentlenesse, gently, gently : the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock ? how dost thou chuck ?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for gravity to play at cherrie-pit with sathan. Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good sir *Toby* gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlynesse.

Mal. Go hang your selves all : you are ydle shallowe things,
I am not of your element, you shall knowe more heereafter.

Exit.

To. Ist possible ?

Fa. If this were plaid upon a stage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device man.

Mar. Nay pursue him now, least the device take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we shall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l have him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad : we may carry it thus for our pleasure, and his pennance, til our very pastime tyred out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we wil bring the device to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen : but see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it : I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Ist so sawcy ?

And. I, ist ? I warrant him : do but read.

To. Give me.

Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fa. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the Law.

To. Thou comst to the Lady Olivia and in my sight she uses thee kindly : but thou lvest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good sence-lesse.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilst me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie side of the Law : good.

Tob. Fartheewell, and God have mercie upon one of our soules. He may have mercie upon mine, but my hope is better, and so looke to thy selfe. Thy friend as thou usest him, & thy sworne enemy, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter move him not, his legges cannot : Ile giv't him.

Mar. You may have verie fit occasion for't : he is now in some commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go sir *Andrew* : scout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie : so soone as ever thou seest him, draw, and as thou draw'st, sweare horrible : for it comes to passe oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhoode more approbation, then ever prooffe it selfe would have earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for swearing.

Exit.

To. Now will not I deliver his Letter : for the behaviour of the yong Gentleman, gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding : his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirms no lesse. Therefore, this Letter being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth : he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But sir ; I will deliver his Challenge by word of mouth ; set upon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and drive the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuositie. This will so fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Olivia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

To. I wil meditate the while upon some horrid message for a Challenge.

Ol. I have said too much unto a hart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't :
There's something in me that reproves my fault :
But such a head-strong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reprove.

Vio. With the same haviour that your passion beares,
Goes on my Masters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Jewell for me, tis my picture :
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you :
And I beseech you come againe to morrow.
What shall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (sav'd) may upon asking give.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine honor may I give him that,
Which I have given to you.

Vio. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow : far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my soule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you sir.

To. That defence thou hast, betake the too't : of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I knowe not : but thy interpreter full of despight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end : dismount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake sir I am sure, no man hath any quarrell to me : my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwise I assure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard : for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withall.

Vio. I pray you sir what is he ?

To. He is knight dubb'd with unhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a divell in private brall, soules and bodies hath he divorc'd three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulcher : Hob, nob, is his word : giv't or tak't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I have heard of some kinde of men, that put quarrells purposely on others, to taste their valour : belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir, no : his indignation derives it selfe out of a very competent injurie, therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Backe you shall not to the house, unlesse you undertake that with me, which with as much safetie you might answer him : therefore on, or strippe your sword starke naked : for meddle you must that's certain, or forswear to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivill as strange. I beseech you, doe me this

courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

To. I will doe so. Signiour *Fabian*, stay you by this Gentleman, till my returne.

Exit Toby.

Vio. Pray you sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenst against you, even to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promise to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the prooffe of his valour. He is indeede sir, the most skilfull, bloudy, & fatall opposite that you could possibly have found in anie part of Illyria: will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall bee much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir Priest, then sir knight: I care not who knowes so much of my mettle.

Exeunt.

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee's a verie divell, I have not seen such a firago: I had a passe with him, rapier, scabberd, and all: and he gives me the stucke in with such a mortall motion that it is inevitable: and on the answer, he payes you as surely, as your feete hits the ground they step on. They say, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified,
Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and so cunning in Fence, I'de have seene him damn'd ere I'de have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and Ile give him my horse, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion: stand heere, make a good shew on't, this shall end without the perdition of soules, marry Ile ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrell, I have perswaded him the youths a divell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him : and pants, & looks pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie sir, he will fight with you for's oath sake : marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now scarce to bee worth talking of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vowe, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me : a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Give ground if you see him furious.

To. Come sir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors sake have one bowt with you : he cannot by the Duello avoide it : but hee has promised me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do assure you tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword : if this yong Gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me : If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You sir ? Why, what are you ?

Ant. One sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Then you have heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good sir *Toby* hold : heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray sir, put your sword up if you please.

And. Marry will I sir : and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word. Hee will beare you easily, and raines well.

1. *Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.

2. *Off.* *Antonio*, I arrest thee at the suit of Count *Orsino*.

An. You do mistake me sir.

1. *Off.* No sir, no jot : I know your favour well :
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head :
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. This comes with seeking you :
But there's no remedie, I shall answer it :
What will you do : now my necessitie
Makes me to aake you for my pursæ. It grieves mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befalls my selfe : you stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come sir away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money sir ?

For the fayre kindnesse you have shew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you something : my having is not much,
Ile make division of my present with you :
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lacke perswasion. Do not tempt my misery,
Least that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature :
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainesse, babling drunkennesse,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heavens themselves.

2. *Off.* Come sir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me speake a little. This youth that you see heere,
I snatch'd one halfe out of the jawes of death,
Releev'd him with such sanctitie of love ;
And to his image, which me thought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to us, the time goes by : Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proves this God :
Thou hast *Sebastian* done good feature, shame.
In Nature, there's no blemish but the minde :
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous evill
Are empty trunckes, ore-flourish'd by the devill.

1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him :
Come, come sir.

Ant. Leade me on.

Exit.

Vio. Me thinks his words do from such passion flye
That he beleeves himselfe, so do not I :
Prove true imagination, oh prove true,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian* : Weel whisper
ore a couplet or two of most sage sawes.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebastian* : I my brother know
Yet living in my glasse : even such, and so
In favour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate : Oh if it prove,
Tempests are kinde, and salt waves fresh in love.

To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward then a
Hare, his dishonesty appeares, in leaving his frend heere in
necessity, and denying him : and for his cowardship aske *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a most devout Coward, religious in it.

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.

Exit.

Actus Quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Sebastian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeve, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a foolish fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not sent to you by my Lady, to bid you come speake with her: nor your name is not Master *Cesario*, nor this is not my nose neyther: Nothing that is so, is so.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly some-where else, thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of some great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will prove a Cockney: I prethee now ungird thy strangenes, and tell me what I shall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee foolish greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I shall give worse paiment.

Clo. By my troth thou hast an open hand: these Wise-men that give fooles money, get themselves a good report, after foure-teene yeares purchase.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now sir, have I met you again: ther's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To. Hold sir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady straight, I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on sir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him : Ile have an action of Battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria : though I stroke him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come my yong souldier put up your yron : you are well flesh'd : Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now ? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

To. What, what ? Nay then I must have an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be ever thus : Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaine, and the barbarous Caves,
Where manners nere were preach'd : out of my sight.
Be not offended, deere *Cesario* :
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wisdom, not thy passion sway
In this uncivill, and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And heare thou there how many fruitlesse pranks
This Ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this : Thou shalt not choose but goe :
Do not denie, beshrew his soule for mee,
He started one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What rellish is in this ? How runs the streame ?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dreame :
Let fancie still my sense in Lethe steepe,
If it be thus to dreame, still let me sleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'st be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O say so, and so be.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleve thou art sir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call sir *Toby* the whilst.

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will dissemble my selfe in't, and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Student: but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairely, as to say, a carefull man, & a great scholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Jove blesse thee M. Parson.

Clo. *Bonus dies* sir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that never saw pen and inke, very wittily sayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: so I being M. Parson, am M. Parson; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him sir *Topas*.

Clow. What hoa, I say, Peace in this prison.

To. The knave counterfets well: a good knave.

Malvolio within.

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to visit *Malvolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*, good sir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexest thou this man? Talkest thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well said M. Parson.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, never was man thus wronged, good sir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they have layde mee heere in hideous darknesse.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest sathan: I call thee by the most modest

termes, for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the divell himselfe with curtesie : sayst thou that house is darke ?

Mal. As hell sir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes transparent as baricadoes, and the cleere stores toward the South north, are as lustrous as Ebony : and yet complainest thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad sir *Topas*, I say to you this house is darke.

Clo. Madman thou errest : I say there is no darknesse but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the *Ægyptians* in their fogge.

Mal. I say this house is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell ; and I say there was never man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle ?

Mal. That the soule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkst thou of his opinion ?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the soule, and no way aprove his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well : remaine thou still in darkenesse, thou shalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, lest thou dispossesse the soule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, sir *Topas*.

Tob. My most exquisite sir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy berd and gowne, he sees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findest him : I would we were well ridde of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were, for I am now so farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport the uppeshot. Come by and by to my Chamber.

Exit.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is unkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is she so?

Mal. Foole, I say.

Clo. She loves another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will live to bee thankfull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Malvolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas sir, how fell you besides your five wittes?

Mal. Foole, there was never man so notoriouſlie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They have heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkenesſe, send Miniſters to me, Asses, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the Minister is heere.

Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wittes the heavens restore: endeavour thy selfe to sleepe, and leave thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I sir, not I sir. God buy you good sir *Topas*: Marry Amen. I will sir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I say.

Clo. Alas sir be patient. What say you sir, I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to some light, and some paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were sir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, some inke, paper, and

light : and convey what I will set downe to my Lady : it shall advantage thee more, then ever the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeve me I am not. I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeve a madman till I see his brains.

I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the highest degree :
I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone sir, and anon sir,
Ile be with you againe :
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to sustaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the divell :
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man divell.

Exit.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebastian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle she gave me, I do feel't, and see't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madnesse. Where's *Anthony* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to seeke me out,
His counsell now might do me golden service,
For though my soule disputes well with my sence,
That this may be some error, but no madnesse,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am readie to distrust mine eyes,

And wrangle with my reason that perswades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the Ladies mad; yet if twere so;
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give backe affayres, and their dispatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she do's: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Olivia, and Priest.

Ol. Blame not this haste of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And underneath that consecrated rooffe,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith,
That my most jealous, and too doubtfull soule
May live at peace. He shall conceale it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you say?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And having sworne truth, ever will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heavens so shine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lov'st me, let me see his Letter.

Glo. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Glo. Do not desire to see this Letter.

Fab. This is to give a dogge, and in recompence desire my
dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Olivia*, friends?

Clo. I sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well : how doest thou my good Fellow?

Clo. Truly sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Du. Just the contrary : the better for thy friends.

Clo. No sir, the worse.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry sir, they praise me, and make an Ass of me ; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Ass : so that by my foes sir, I profit in the knowledge of my selfe, and by my friends I am abused : so that conclusions to be as kisses, if your foure negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth sir, no : though it please you to be one of my friends.

Du. Thou shalt not be the worse for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing sir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you give me ill counsell.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer : there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde saying is, the third payes for all : the triples sir, is a good tripping measure, or the belles of *S. Bennet* sir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw : if you will let your Lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry sir, lullaby to your bountie till I come agen. I go

sir, but I would not have you to thinke, that my desire of having is the sinne of covetousnesse: but as you say sir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man sir, that did rescue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the smoake of warre:
A bawbling Vessel was he Captaine of,
For shallow draught and bulke unprizable,
With which such scathfull grapple did he make,
With the most noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very envy, and the tongue of losse
Cride fame and honor on him; What's the matter?

I Off. *Orsino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phenix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* lost his legge;
Heere in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindnesse sir, drew on my side,
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou salt-water Theefe,
What foolish boldnesse brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes so bloudie, and so deere
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orsino*, Noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give mee:
Anthonio never yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confesse, on base and ground enough
Orsino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingratefull boy there by your side,
From the rude seas enrag'd and foamy mouth

Did I redeeme : a wracke past hope he was :
His life I gave him, and did thereto adde
My love without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication. For his sake,
Did I expose my selfe (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this aduerse Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beset :
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twentie yeeres removed thing
While one would winke : denide me mine owne purse,
Which I had recommended to his use,
Not halfe an houre before.

Vio. How can this be ?

Du. When came he to this Towne ?

Ant. To day my Lord : and for three months before,
No *intrin*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Olivia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Countesse, now heaven walkes on earth :
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madnesse,
Three monthes this youth hath tended upon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein *Olivia* may seeme serviceable ?

Cesario, you do not keepe promise with me.

Vio. Madam.

Du. Gracious *Olivia*.

Ol. What do you say *Cesario* ? Good my Lord.

Vio. My Lord would speake, my dutie hushes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine eare
As howling after Musicke.

Du. Still so cruell?

Ol. Still so constant Lord.

Du. What to perversenesse? you uncivill Ladie
To whose ingrate, and unauspicious Altars
My soule the faithfull'st offrings have breath'd out
That ere devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Ol. Even what it please my Lord, that shal becom him.

Du. Why should I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th' Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I love: (a savage jealousy,
That sometime savours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screwes me from my true place in your favour:
Live you the Marble-brested Tirant still.
But this your Minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I sweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he sits crowned in his masters spight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
Ile sacrifice the Lambe that I do love,
To spight a Ravens heart within a Dove.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes *Cesario*?

Vio. After him I love,
More then I love these eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I shall love wife.
If I do feigne, you witnesses above
Punish my life, for tainting of my love.

Ol. Aye me detested, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Hast thou forgot thy selfe: Is it so long?
Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? *Cesario*, Husband, stay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the baseness of thy feare,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety :
Feare not *Cesario*, take thy fortunes up,
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O welcome Father :

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Heere to unfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkenesse, what occasion now
Reveales before 'tis ripe : what thou dost know
Hath newly past, betweene this youth, and me.

Priest. A Contract of eternall bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutuall joynder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lippes,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony :
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travail'd but two houres.

Du. O thou dissembling Cub : what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine owne trip shall be thine overthrow :
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do protest.

Ol. O do not sweare,
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the love of God a Surgeon, send one presently to *sir Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. Has broke my head a-crosse, and has given *Sir Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the love of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this *sir Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Cesario*: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie divell, incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Cesario*?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by *sir Toby*.

Vio. Why do you speake to me, I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you have hurt me: I thinke you set nothing by a bloody Coxcombe. Heere comes *sir Toby* halting, you shall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would have tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how ist with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't: Sot, didst see Dicke Surgeon, sot?

Cl. O he's drunke *sir Toby* an houre agoe: his eyes were set at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a passy measures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this havocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you *sir Toby*, because we'll be drest together.

To. Will you helpe an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, & a knave :
a thin fac'd knave, a gull ?

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry Madam I have hurt your kinsman :
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I must have done no lesse with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you :
Pardon me (sweet one) even for the vowes
We made each other, but so late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A naturall Perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio : O my deere *Antonio*,
How have the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee ?

Ant. *Sebastian* are you ?

Seb. Fear'st thou that *Antonio* ?

Ant. How have you made division of your selfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then these two creatures. Which is *Sebastian* ?

Ol. Most wonderfull.

Seb. Do I stand there ? I never had a brother :
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blinde waves and surges have devour'd :
Of charity, what kinne are you to me ?
What Countreyman ? What name ? What Parentage ?

Vio. Of *Messaline* : *Sebastian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebastian* was my brother too :
So went he suited to his watery tombe :
If spirits can assume both forme and suite,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am indeed,

But am in that dimension grossely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my teares let fall upon your cheekes,
And say, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a moale upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is lively in my soule,
He finished indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my sister thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happie both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attyre :
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and jumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
He bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds : by whose gentle helpe,
I was preserv'd to serve this Noble Count :
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you have beene mistooke :
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd right noble is his blood :
If this be so, as yet the glasse seemes true,
I shall have share in this most happy wracke,
Boy, thou hast saide to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over sweare,
And all those swearings keepe as true in soule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,

That severs day from night.

Du. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy womans weedes.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me first on shore
Hath my Maides garments : he upon some Action
Is now in durance, at *Malvolio's* suite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He shall enlarge him : fetch *Malvolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say poore Gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A most extracting frensie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly banisht his.
How does he sirrah ?

Cl. Truly Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the staves end as well
as a man in his case may do ; has heere writ a letter to you, I
should have given't you to day morning. But as a madmans
Epistles are no Gospels, so it skilles not much when they are
deliver'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Cl. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole delivers
the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad ?

Cl. No Madam, I do but reade madnesse : and your Lady-
ship will have it as it ought to bee, you must allow *Vox.*

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Cl. So I do Madona : but to reade his right wits, is to reade
thus : therefore, perpend my Princesse, and give eare.

Ol. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the
world shall know it : Though you have put mee into darkenesse,
and given your drunken Cosine rule over me, yet have I the
benefit of my senses as well as your Ladieship. I have your
owne letter, that induced mee to the semblance I put on ; with

the which I doubt not, but to do my selfe much right, or you much shame : thinke of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speake out of my injury. *The madly us'd Malvolio.*

Ol. Did he write this ?

Cl. I Madame.

Du. This savours not much of distraction.

Ol. See him deliver'd *Fabian*, bring him hither :

My Lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a sister, as a wife,
One day shall crowne th'alliance on't, so please you,
Heere at my house, and at my proper cost.

Du. Madam, I am most apt t'embrace your offer :
Your Master quits you : and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So farre beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me Master, for so long :
Heere is my hand, you shall from this time bee
Your Masters Mistris.

Ol. A sister, you are she.

Enter Malvolio.

Du. Is this the Madman ?

Ol. I my Lord, this same : How now *Malvolio* ?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Have I *Malvolio* ? No.

Mal. Lady you have, pray you peruse that Letter.
You must not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phrase,
Or say, tis not your seale, not your invention :
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modestie of honor,
Why you have given me such cleare lights of favour,
Bad me come smiling, and crosse-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frowne
 Upon sir *Toby*, and the lighter people :
 And acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
 Kept in a darke house, visited by the Priest,
 And made the most notorious gecke and gull
 That ere invention plaid on ? Tell me why ?

Ol. Alas *Malvolio*, this is not my writing,
 Though I confesse much like the Charracter :
 But out of question, tis *Marias* hand.
 And now I do bethinke me, it was shee
 First told me thou wast mad ; then cam'st in smiling,
 And in such formes, which heere were presuppos'd
 Upon thee in the Letter : prethee be content,
 This practice hath most shrewdly past upon thee :
 But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Judge
 Of thine owne cause.

Fab. Good Madam heare me speake,
 And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
 Taint the condition of this present houre,
 Which I have wondred at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confesse my selfe, and *Toby*
 Set this device against *Malvolio* heere,
 Upon some stubborne and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him. *Maria* writ
 The Letter, at sir *Tobys* great importance,
 In recompence whereof, he hath married her :
 How with a sportfull malice it was follow'd,
 May rather plucke on laughter then revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
 That have on both sides past.

Ol. Alas poor Foole, how have they baffel'd thee ?

Cl. Why some are borne great, some atchieve greatnesse, and
 some have greatnesse throwne upon them. I was one sir, in this

Enterlude, one sir *Topas* sir, but that's all one : By the Lord Foole, I am not mad : but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascall, and you smile not he's gag'd : and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his revengea.

Mal. Ile be reveng'd on the whole packe of you ?

Ol. He hath bene most notoriously abus'd.

Du. Pursue him, and entreate him to a peace :

He hath not told us of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time convents
A solemne Combination shall be made
Of our deere soules. Meane time sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. *Cesario* come
(For so you shall be while you are a man :)
But when in other habites you are seene,
Orsino's Mistris, and his fancies Queene.

Exeunt.

Clowne sings.

*When that I was and a little tyme boy,
with hey ho, the winde and the raine :
A foolish thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to mans estate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gainst Knaves and Theeves men shut their gate,
for the raine, &c.*

*But when I came alas to wine,
with hey ho, &c.
By swaggering could I never thrive,
for the raine, &c.*

*But when I came unto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With tospottes still had drunken heades,
for the raine, &c.*

*A great while ago the world began,
hey ho, &c.*

*But that's all one, our Play is done,
and we'll strive to please you every day.*

FINIS.







WINTER'S TALE

Act II. Sc III.



The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch.

IF you shall chance (*Camillo*) to visit *Bobemia*, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on-foot, you shall see (as I have said) great difference betwixt our *Bobemia*, and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bobemia* the Visitation, which hee justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment shall shame us: we will be justified in our Loves: for indeed——

Cam. Beseech you ——

Arch. Verely I speake it in the freedome of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say—Wee will give you sleepeie Drinkes, that your Sences (un-intelligent of our insufficiency) may, though they cannot prayse us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's given freely.

Arch. 'Beleeve me, I speake as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honestie puts it to utterance.

Cam. *Sicilia* cannot shew himselfe over-kind to *Bobemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot chuse but branch now. Since their more mature Dignities, and Royall

Necessities, made seperation of their Societie, their Encounters (though not Personall) hath been Royally attorneyd with enter-change of Gifts, Letters, loving Embassies, that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shooke hands, as over a Vast; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of opposed Winds. The Heavens continue their Loves.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World, either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greatest Promise, that ever came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you, in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child; one, that (indeed) Physicks the Subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on Crutches ere he was borne, desire yet their life, to see him a Man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would desire to live on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note, since we have left our Throne
Without a Burthen: Time as long againe
Would be fill'd up (my Brother) with our Thanks,
And yet we should, for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt: And therefore, like a Cypher
(Yet standing in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you, many thousands, moe,
That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to morrow :
 I am question'd by my feares, of what may chance,
 Or breed upon our absence, that may blow
 No sneaping Winds at home, to make us say,
 This is put forth too truly : besides, I have stay'd
 To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
 Then you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leo. One Seve'night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time between's then : and in that Ile no
 gaine-saying.

Pol. Presse me not ('beseech you) so :
 There is no Tongue that moves ; none, none i'th' World
 So soone as yours, could win me : so it should now,
 Were there necessitie in your request, although
 'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
 Doe even drag me home-ward : which to hinder,
 Were (in your Love) a Whip to me ; my stay,
 To you a Charge, and Trouble : to save both,
 Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene ? speake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir) to have held my peace, untill
 You had drawne Oathes from him, not to stay : you (Sir)
 Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
 All in *Bobemia's* well : this satisfaction,
 The by-gone-day proclaym'd, say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leo. Well said, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his Sonne, were strong :
 But let him say so then, and let him goe ;
 But let him sweare so, and he shall not stay,
 Wee'l thwack him hence with Distaffes.
 Yet of your Royall presence, Ile adventure

The borrow of a Week. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, Ile give him my Commission,
To let him there a Moneth, behind the Gest
Prefix'd for's parting : yet (good-deed) *Leontes*,
I love thee not a Jarre o'th'Clock, behind
What Lady she her Lord. You'le stay ?

Pol. No, Madame.

Her. Nay, but you will ?

Pol. I may not verely.

Her. Verely ?

You put me off with limber Vowes : but I,
Though you would seek t'unsphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet say, Sir, no going. Verely
You shall not goe ; a Ladyes Verely 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet ?
Force me to keepe you as a Prisoner,
Not like a Guest : so you shall pay your Fees
When you depart, and save your Thanks. How say you ?
My Prisoner ? or my Guest ? by your dread Verely,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your Guest then, Madame :

To be your Prisoner, should import offending ;
Which is for me, lesse easie to commit,
Then you to punish.

Her. Not your Gaoler then,

But your kind Hostesse. Come, Ile question you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes :
You were pretty Lordings then ?

Pol. We were (faire Queene)

Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.

Her. Was not my Lord

The veryer Wag o'th' two ?

Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i'th'Sun,

And bleat the one at th'other : what we chang'd,
 Was Innocence, for Innocence : we knew not
 The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
 That any did : Had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heaven
 Boldly, not guilty : the Imposition clear'd,
 Hereditarie ours.

Her. By this we gather
 You have tript since.

Pol. O my most sacred Lady,
 Temptations have since then been borne to's : for
 In those unfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle ;
 Your precious selfe had then not cross'd the eyes
 Of my young Play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot :
 Of this make no conclusion, least you say
 Your Queene and I are Devils : yet goe on,
 Th'offences we have made you doe, wee'le answer,
 If you first sinn'd with us : and that with us
 You did continue fault ; and that you slipt not
 With any, but with us.

Leo. Is he woon yet ?

Her. Hee'le stay (my Lord.)

Leo. At my request he would not :

Hermione (my dearest) thou never spoak'st
 To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leo. Never, but once.

Her. What ? have I twice said well ? when was't before ?
 I prethee tell me : cram's with prayse, and make's
 As fat as tame things : One good deed, dying tonguelesse,
 Slaughters a thousand, wayting upon that.
 Our prayses are our Wages. You may ride's
 With one soft Kisse a thousand Furlongs, ere

With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th'Goale :
 My last good deed, was to entreat his stay.
 What was my first ? it ha's an elder Sister,
 Or I mistake you. O would her name were *Grace*,
 But once before I spoke to th'purpose ? when ?
 Nay, let me have't : I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
 Three crabbed Moneths had sower'd themselves to death,
 Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand :
 A clap thy selfe, my Love ; then didst thou utter,
 I am yours for ever.

Her. 'Tis *Grace* indeed.
 Why lo-you now ; I have spoke to th'purpose twice :
 The one, for ever earn'd a Royall Husband ;
 Th'other, for some while a Friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot :
 To mingle friendship farre, is mingling bloods.
 I have *Tremor Cordis* on me : my heart daunces,
 But not for joy ; not joy. This Entertainment
 May a free face put on : derive a Libertie
 From Heartinesse, from Bountie, fertile Bosome,
 And well become the Agent : 't may ; I graunt :
 But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
 As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
 As in a Looking-Glasse ; and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The Mort o'th'Deere : oh, that is entertainment
 My Bosome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
 Art thou my Boy ?

Mam. I, my good Lord.

Leo. I'fecks :
 Why that's my Bawcock : what ? has't smutch'd thy Nose ?
 They say it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
 We must be neat ; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine :
 And yet the Steere, the Heyefer, and the Calfe,
 Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling

Upon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?

Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)

Leo. Thou want'st a rough pash, & the shoots ~~that~~ I have
To be full, like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as Egges; Women say so,
(That will say any thing.) But were they false
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; false
As Dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To say this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: sweet Villaine,
Most dear'st, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention stabs the Center.
Thou do'st make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's unrell: thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-joyne with something, and thou do'st,
(And that beyond Commission) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)

Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?

Her. He something seemes unsettled.

Pol. How? my Lord?

Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, best Brother?

Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much distraction;
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)

Leo. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tendernesse? and make it selfe a Pastime
To harder bosomes? Looking on the Lynes
Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and saw my selfe un-breech'd,
In my greene Velvet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,

Least it should bite it's Master, and so prove
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous :
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squash, this Gentleman. Mine honest Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?

Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.

Leo. You will : why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you so fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe seeme to be of ours?

Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exercise, my Mirth, my Matter ;
Now my sworne Friend, and then mine Enemy ;
My Parasite, my Souldier : States-man ; all :
He makes a Julyes day, short as December,
And with his varying child-nesse, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thicke my blood.

Leo. So stands this Squire
Offic'd with me : We two will walke (my Lord)
And leave you to your graver steps. *Hermione,*
How thou lov'st us, shew in our Brothers welcome ;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape :
Next to thy selfe, and my young Rover, he's
Apparant to my heart.

Her. If you would seeke us,
We are yours i'th'Garden : shall's attend you there ?

Leo. To your owne bents dispose you : you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky : I am angling now,
(Though you perceive me not how I give Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.

How she holds up the Neb : the Byll to him ?
And armes her with the boldnesse of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe ; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play : thy Mother playes, and I
Play too ; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hisse me to my Grave : Contempt and Clamor
 Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there have been
 (Or I am much deceiv'd) Cuckolds ere now,
 And many a man there is (even at this present,
 Now, while I speake this) holds his Wife by th' Armc,
 That little thinkes she ha's been sluy'd in's absence,
 And his Pond fish'd by his next Neighbor (by
 Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor :) nay, there's comfort in't,
 Whiles other men have Gates, and those Gates open'd
 (As mine) against their will. Should all despaire
 That have revolted Wives, the tenth of Mankind
 Would hang themselves. Physick for't, there's none:
 It is a bawdy Planet, that will strike
 Where 'tis predominant ; and 'tis powrefull : thinke it :
 From East, West, North, and South, be it concluded,
 No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
 It will let in and out the Enemy,
 With bag and baggage : many thousand on's
 Have the Disease, and feele't not. How now Boy ?

Mam. I am like you say.

Leo.

Why, that's some comfort.

What ? *Camillo* there ?

Cam.

I, my good Lord.

Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honest man :
Camillo, this great Sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
 When you cast out, it still came home.

Leo.

Didst note it ?

Cam. He would not stay at your Petitions, made
 His Businesse more materiall.

Leo.

Didst perceive it ?

They're here with me already ; whisp'ring, rounding :
Sicilia is a so-forth : 'tis farre gone,
 When I shall gust it last. How cam't (*Camillo*)
 That he did stay ?

Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.

Leo. At the Queenes be't : Good should be pertinent,
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding Pate but thine ?
For thy Conceit is soaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures ? by some severalls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie ? Lower Messes
Perchance are to this Businesse purblind ? say.

Cam. Businesse, my Lord ? I thinke most understand
Bobemia stayes here longer.

Leo. Ha ?

Cam. Stayes here longer.

Leo. I, but why ?

Cam. To satisfie your Highnesse, and the Entreaties
Of our most gracious Mistresse.

Leo. Satisfie ?

Th'entreaties of your Mistresse ? Satisfie ?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neerest things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Priest-like) thou
Hast cleans'd my Bosome : I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd : but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy Integritie, deceiv'd
In that which seemes so.

Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)

Leo. To bide upon't : thou art not honest : or
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honestie behind, restrayning
From Course requir'd : or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious Trust,
And therein negligent : or else a Foole,
That seest a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'st it all for jeast.

Cam. My gracious Lord,

I may be negligent, foolish, and fearefull,
 In every one of these, no man is free,
 But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
 Among the infinite doings of the World,
 Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
 If ever I were wilfull-negligent,
 It was my folly : if industriously
 I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
 Not weighing well the end : if ever fearefull
 To doe a thing, where I the issue doubted,
 Whereof the execution did cry out
 Against the non-performance, 'twas a feare
 Which oft infects the wisest : these (my Lord)
 Are such allow'd Infirmities, that honestie
 Is never free of. But beseech your Grace
 Be plainer with me, let me know my Trespas
 By it's owne visage ; if I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you seene *Camillo*?
 (But that's past doubt : you have, or your eye-glasse
 Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
 (For to a Vision so apparant, Rumor
 Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that do's not thinke)
 My Wife is slipperie? If thou wilt confesse,
 Or else be impudently negative,
 To have nor Eyes, nor Eares, nor Thought, then say
 My Wife's a Holy-Horse, deserves a Name
 As ranke as any Flax-Wench, that puts to
 Before her troth-plight : say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to heare
 My Sovereigne Mistresse clouded so, without
 My present vengeance taken : 'shrew my heart,
 You never spoke what did become you lesse
 Then this ; which to reiterate, were sin

As deepe as that, though true.

Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noses?
Kissing with in-side Lip? stopping the Cariere
Of Laughter, with a sigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honestie) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing Clocks more swift?
Houres, Minutes? Noone, Mid-night? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web, but theirs; theirs onely,
That would unseene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World, and all that's in't, is nothing,
The covering Skie is nothing, *Bobemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing, nor Nothing have these Nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is: you lye, you lye:
I say thou lyeest *Camillo*, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a grosse Lowt, a mindlesse Slave,
Or else a hovering Temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wives Liver
Infected (as her life) she would not live
The running of one Glasse.

Cam. Who do's infect her?

Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull, hanging
About his neck (*Bobemia*) who, if I
Had Servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine Honor, as their Profita,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which should undoe more doing: I, and thou
His Cup-bearer, whom I from meaner forme

Have Bench'd, and rear'd to Worship, who may'st see
Plainely, as Heaven sees Earth, and Earth sees Heaven,
How I am gall'd, might'st be-spice a Cup,
To give mine Enemy a lasting Winke :
Which Draught to me, were cordiall.

Cam.

Sir (My Lord)

I could doe this, and that with no rash Potion,
But with a lingring Dram, that should not worke
Maliciously, like Poyson : But I cannot
Beleeve this Crack to be in my dread Mistresse
(So soveraignely being Honorable.)
I have lov'd thee.

Leo.

Make that thy question, and goe rot :

Do'st thinke I am so muddy, so unsetled,
To appoint my selfe in this vexation ?
Sully the puritie and whitenesse of my Sheetes
(Which to preserve, is Sleepe ; which being spotted,
Is Goades, Thornes, Nettles, Tayles of Waspes)
Give scandall to the blood o'th'Prince, my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine, and love as nine)
Without ripe moving to't ? Would I doe this ?
Could man so blench ?

Cam.

I must beleeve you (Sir)

I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't :
Provided, that when hee's remov'd, your Highnesse
Will take againe your Queene, as yours at first,
Even for your Sonnes sake, and thereby for sealing
The Injurie of Tongues, in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne, and ally'd to yours.

Leo.

Thou do'st advise me,

Even so as I mine owne course have set downe :
He give no blemish to her Honor, none.

Cam.

My Lord,

Goe then ; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendship weares at Feasts, keepe with *Bohemia*,

And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he have wholesome Beveridge,
Account me not your Servant.

Leo. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not, thou splitt'st thine owne.

Cam. Ile do't, my Lord.

Leo. I wil seeme friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. *Exit.*

Cam. O miserable Lady. But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poysoner
Of good *Polixenes*, and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Master; one,
Who in Rebellion with himselfe, will have
All that are his, so too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thousand's that had struck anynted Kings,
And flourish'd after, Il'd not do't: But since
Nor Brasse, nor Stone, nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it selfe forswear't. I must
Forsake the Court: to do't, or no, is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bobemia*.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: Me thinkes
My favor here begins to warpe. Not speake?
Good day *Camillo*.

Cam. Hayle most Royall Sir.

Pol. What is the Newes i'th'Court?

Cam. None rare (my Lord.)

Pol. The King hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some Province, and a Region
Lov'd, as he loves himselfe: even now I met him
With customarie complement, when hee
Wafing his eyes to th'contrary, and falling

A Lippe of much contempt, speedes from me : and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.

Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)

Pol. How, dare not ? doe not ? doe you know, and dare not ?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts :
For to your selfe, what you doe know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which shewes me mine chang'd too : for I must be
A partie in this alteration, finding
My selfe thus alter'd with't.

Cam. There is a sicknesse
Which puts some of us in distemper, but
I cannot name the Disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me ?
Make me not sighted like the Basilisque.
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so : *Camillo*,
As you are certainly a Gentleman, thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd, which no lesse adorne
Our Gentry, then our Parents Noble Names,
In whose successe we are gentle : I beseech you,
If you know ought which do's behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sicknesse caught of me, and yet I well ?
I must be answer'd. Do'st thou heare *Camillo*,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this Suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'st ghesse of harme
Is creeping toward me ; how farre off, how neere,

Which way to be prevented, if to be :
If not, how best to beare it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor, and by him
That I thinke Honorable : therefore marke my counsaile,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly followed, as
I meane to utter it ; or both your selfe, and me,
Cry lost, and so good night.

Pol. On, good *Camillo*.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, *Camillo* ?

Cam. By the King.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinkes, nay with all confidence he sweares,
As he had seen't, or beene an Instrument
To vice you to't, that you have toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.

Pol. Oh then, my best blood turne
To an infected Gelly, and my Name
Be yolk'd with his, that did betray the Best :
Turne then my freshest Reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest Nosthrill
Where I arrive, and my approach be shun'd,
Nay hated too, worse then the great'st Infection
That ere was heard, or read.

Cam. Sweare his thought over
By each particular Starre in Heaven, and
By all their Influences ; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remove, or (Counsaile) shake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whose foundation
Is pyl'd upon his Faith, and will continue
The standing of his Body.

Pol. How should this grow ?

Cam. I know not : but I am sure 'tis safer to

Avoid what's growne, then question how 'tis borne.
 If therefore you dare trust my honestie,
 That lyes enclosed in this Trunke, which you
 Shall beare along impawnd, away to Night,
 Your Followers I will whisper to the Businesse,
 And will by twoes, and threes, at severall Posternes,
 Cleare them o'th'Citie : For my selfe, Ile put
 My fortunes to your service (which are here
 By this discoverie lost.) Be not uncertaine,
 For by the honor of my Parents, I
 Have uttred Truth : which if you seeke to prove,
 I dare not stand by ; nor shall you be safer,
 Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth :
 Thereon his Execution sworne.

Pol.

I doe beleeeve thee :

I saw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand,
 Be Pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two dayes agoe. This Jealousie
 Is for a precious Creature : as shee's rare,
 Must it be great ; and, as his Person's mightie,
 Must it be violent : and, as he do's conceive,
 He is dishonor'd by a man, which ever
 Profess'd to him : why his Revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-shades me :
 Good Expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious Queene, part of his Theame ; but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'ne suspition. Come *Camillo*,
 I will respect thee as a Father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off, hence : Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command

The Keyes of all the Posternes : Please your Highnesse
 To take the urgent houre. Come Sir, away.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies : Leontes, Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you : he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow ?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my sweet Lord ?)

Mam. You'le kisse me hard, and speake to me, as if
I were a Baby still. I love you better.

2. Lady. And why so (my Lord ?)

Mam. Not for because
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they say
Become some Women best, so that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. Lady. Who taught 'this ?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces : pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes ?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock : I have seene a Ladies Nose
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace : we shall
Present our services to a fine new Prince
One of these dayes, and then you'l'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you ? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe : 'Pray you sit by us,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shal't be ?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad Tale's best for Winter :
I have one of Sprights, and Goblins.

Her. Let's have that (good Sir.)
Come-on, sit downe, come-on, and doe your best,
To fright me with your Sprights : you're powrefull at it.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come sit downe : then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard : I will tell it softly,
Yond Crickets shall not heare it.

Her. Come on then, and giv't me in mine eare.

Leon. Was hee met there ? his Traine ? *Camillo* with him ?

Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, never
Saw I men scowre so on their way : I eyed them
Even to their Ships.

Leo. How blest am I
In my just Censure ? in my true Opinion ?
Alack, for lesser knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being so blest ? There may be in the Cup
A Spider steep'd, and one may drinke ; depart,
And yet partake no venome : (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one present
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his sides
With violent Hefts : I have drunke, and scene the Spider.

Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar :
There is a Plot against my Life, my Crowne ;
All's true that is mistrusted : that false Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him :
He ha's discover'd my Designe, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing ; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will : how came the Posternes
So easily open ?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no lesse prevail'd, then so,

On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurse him :
Though he do's beare some signes of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this ? Sport ?

Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he shall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her sport her selfe
With that shee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee swell thus.

Her. But Il'd say he had not ;
And Ile be sworne you would beleewe my saying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.

Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well : be but about
To say she is a goodly Lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pittie shee's not honest : Honorable ;
Prayse her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deserves high speech) and straight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (these Petty-brands
That Calummie doth use ; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calummie will feare
Vertue it selfe) these Shrugs, these Hum's, and Ha's,
When you have said shee's goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can say shee's honest : But be't knowne
(From him that ha's most cause to grieve it should be)
Shee's an Adultresse.

Her. Should a Villaine say so,
(The most replenish'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine : you (my Lord)
Doe but mistake.

Leo. You have mistooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes* : O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,

Least Barbarisme (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger :) I have said
Shee's an Adulteresse, I have said with whom :
More ; shee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What she should shame to know her selfe,
But with her most vild Principall : that shee's
A Bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That Vulgars give bold'st Titles ; I, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her.

No (by my life)

Privy to none of this : how will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me ? Gentle my Lord,
You scarce can right me throughly, then, to say
You did mistake.

Leo.

No : if I mistake

In those Foundations which I build upon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Prison :
He who shall speake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he speakes.

Her.

There's some ill Planet raignes :

I must be patient, till the Heavens looke
With an aspect more favorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance shall dry your pitties : but I have
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worse then Teares drowne : 'beseech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts so qualified, as your Charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me ; and so
The Kings will be perform'd.

Leo.

Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is't that goes with me? beseech your Highnes
 My Women may be with me, for you see
 My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
 There is no cause: When you shall know your Mistris
 Ha's deserv'd Prison, then abound in Teares,
 As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
 Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
 I never wish'd to see you sorry, now
 I trust I shall: my Women come, you have leave.

Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.*Lord.* Beseech your Highnesse call the Queene againe.

Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) least your Justice
 Prove violence, in the which three great ones suffer,
 Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.

Lord.

For her (my Lord)

I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
 Please you t'accept it, that the Queene is spotlesse
 I'th'eyes of Heaven, and to you (I meane
 In this, which you accuse her.)

Antig.

If it prove

Shée's otherwise, Ile keepe my Stables where
 I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
 Then when I feele, and see her, no farther trust her.
 For every ynych of Woman in the World,
 I, every dram of Womans flesh is false,
 If she be.

Leo. Hold your peaces.*Lord.*

Good my Lord.

Antig. It is for you we speake, not for our selves:
 You are abus'd, and by some putter on,
 That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,
 I would Land-damne him: be she honor-flaw'd,
 I have three daughters: the eldest is eleven;
 The second, and the third, nine: and some five:

If this prove true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
 Ile gell'd em all : fourteene they shall not see
 To bring false generations : they are co-heyres,
 And I had rather glib my selfe, then they
 Should not produce faire issue.

Leo.

Cease, no more :

You smell this businesse with a sence as cold
 As is a dead-mans nose : but I do see't, and feel't,
 As you feele doing thus : and see withall
 The Instruments that feele.

Antig.

If it be so,

We neede no grave to burie honesty,
 There's not a graine of it, the face to sweeten
 Of the whole dungy-earth.

Leo.

What ? lacke I credit ?

Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)

Upon this ground : and more it would content me
 To have her Honor true, then your suspicion
 Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo.

Why what neede we

Commune with you of this ? but rather follow
 Our forcefull instigation ? Our prerogative
 Calls not your Counsailes, but our naturall goodnesse
 Imparts this : which, if you, or stupified,
 Or seeming so, in skill, cannot, or will not
 Rellish a truth, like us : informe your selves,
 We neede no more of your advice : the matter,
 The losse, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
 Is all properly ours.

Antig.

And I wish (my Liege)

You had onely in your silent judgement tride it,
 Without more overture.

Leo.

How could that be ?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
 Or thou wer't borne a foole : *Camillo's* flight

Added to their Familiarity

(Which was as grosse, as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight onely, nought for approbation
But onely seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to'th deed) doth push-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Most pitteous to be wilde) I have dispatch'd in post,
To sacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of stuff'd-sufficiency : Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whose spirituall counsaile had
Shall stop, or spurre me. Have I done well ?

Lord. Well done (my Lord.)

Leo. Though I am satisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet shall the Oracle
Give rest to th'mindes of others ; such as he
Whose ignorant credulitie, will not
Come up to th'truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person, she should be confinde,
Least that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow us,
We are to speake in publique : for this businesse
Will raise us all.

Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the prison, call to him :
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison ? Now good Sir,

You know me, do you not ?

Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.

Pau. Pray you then,
Conduſt me to the Queene.

Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I have expreſſe commandment.

Pau. Heere's a-do, to locke up honesty & honour from
Th' acceſſe of gentle viſitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To ſee her Women ? Any of them ? *Emilia* ?

Gao. So pleaſe you (Madam)
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.

Pau. I pray now call her :
With-draw your ſelves.

Gao. And Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your Conference.

Pau. Well : be't ſo : prethee.
Heere's ſuch a-doe, to make no ſtaine, a ſtaine,
As paſſes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady ?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorne
May hold together : On her frights, and greefes
(Which never tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Pau. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live : the Queene receives
Much comfort in't : Sayes, my poore priſoner,
I am innocent as you.

Pau. I dare be ſworne :
Theſe dangerous, unſafe Lunea i'th' King, beſhrew them :
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall : the office
Becomes a woman beſt. Ile tak't upon me,
If I prove hony-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter.

And never to my red-look'd Anger bee
 The Trumpet any more : pray you (*Emilia*)
 Commend my best obedience to the Queene,
 If she dares trust me with her little babe,
 I'le shew't the King, and undertake to bee
 Her Advocate to th'lowd'st. We do not know
 How he may soften at the sight o'th'Childe :
 The silence often of pure innocence
 Perswades, when speaking failes.

Emil.

Most worthy Madam,

You honor, and your goodnesse is so evident,
 That your free undertaking cannot misse
 A thriving yssue : there is no Lady living
 So meete for this great errand ; please your Ladiship
 To visit the next roome, Ile presently
 Acquaint the Queene of your most noble offer,
 Who, but to day hammered of this designe,
 But durst not tempt a minister of honour
 Least she should be deny'd.

Pau.

Tell her (*Emilia*)

Ile use that tongue I have : If wit flow from't
 As boldnesse from my bosome, le't not be doubted
 I shall do good.

Emil.

Now be you blest for it.

Ile to the Queene : please you come something neerer.

Gao. Madam, if't please the Queene to send the babe,
 I know not what I shall incurre, to passe it,
 Having no warrant.

Pau.

You neede not feare it (*sir*)

This Childe was prisoner to the wombe, and is
 By Law and processe of great Nature, thence
 Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
 The anger of the King, nor guilty of
 (If any be) the trespassse of the Queene.

Gao. I do beleewe it.

Paul. Do not you feare : upon mine honor, I
Will stand betwixt you, and danger.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Servants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no rest : It is but weaknesse
To beare the matter thus : meere weaknesse, if
The cause were not in being : part o'th cause,
She, th'Adultresse : for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And levell of my braine : plot-prooffe : but shee,
I can hooke to me : say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me againe. Whose there ?

Ser. My Lord.

Leo. How do's the boy ?

Ser. He tooke good rest to night : 'tis hop'd
His sicknesse is discharg'd.

Leo. To see his Noblenesse,
Conceyving the dishonour of his Mother.
He straight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Fasten'd, and fix'd the shame on't in himselfe :
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languish'd. Leave me solely : goe,
See how he fares : Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Revenges that way
Recoyle upon me : in himselfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance ; Let him be,
Untill a time may serve : For present vengeance
Take it on her : *Camillo, and Polixenes*
Laugh at me : make their pastime at my sorrow :
They should not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall she, within my powre.

Enter Paulina.

Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be second to me:
Feare you his tyrannous passion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent soule,
More free, then he is jealous.

Antig. That's enough.

Ser. Madam; he hath not slept to night, commanded
None should come at him.

Pau. Not so hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him sleepe. 'Tis such as you
That creepe like shadowes by him, and do sighe
At each his needlesse heavings: such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honest, as either,) to purge him of that humor,
That presses him from sleepe.

Leo. Who noyse there, hoe?

Pau. No noyse (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About some Gossips for your Highnesse.

Leo. How?

Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus,*
I charg'd thee that she should not come about me,
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so (my Lord)
On your displeasures perill, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leo. What? canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonestie he can: in this
(Unlesse he take the course that you have done)
Commit me, for committing honor, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When she will take the raine, I let her run,

But shee'l not stumble.

Paul. Good my Liege, I come :
And I beseech you heare me, who professes
My selfe your loyall Servant, your Physitian,
Your most obedient Counsailor : yet that dares
Lesse appeare so, in comforting your Evilles,
Then such as most seeme yours. I say, I come
From your good Queene.

Leo. Good Queene ?

Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I say good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good so, were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leo. Force her hence.

Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me : on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But first, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For she is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere tis. Commends it to your blessing.

Leo. Out :
A mankinde Witch ? Hence with her, out o' dore :
A most intelligencing bawd.

Paul. Not so ;
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In so entit'ling me : and no lesse honest
Then you are mad : which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to passe for honest :

Leo. Traitors ;
Will you not push her out ? Give her the Bastard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd : unroosted
By thy dame *Parilet* heere. Take up the Bastard,
Take't up, I say : give't to thy Croane.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the Princesse, by that forced basenesse

Which he ha's put upon't.

I.co. He dreads his Wife.

Paul. So I would you did : then 'twere past all doubt
You'd call your children, yours.

I.co. A nest of Traitors.

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Pau. Nor I : nor any

But one that's heere : and that's himselfe : for he,
'The sacred Honor of himselfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whose sting is sharper then the Swords ; and will not
(For as the case now stands, it is a Curse
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remove
'The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As ever Onke, or Stone was sound.

I.co. A Callat

Of boundlesse tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me : This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Issue of *Polixenes*,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours :

And might we lay th'old Proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father : (Eye, Nose, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke ; his Smiles :
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddess *Nature*, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongst all Colours
No Yellow in't, least she suspect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.

I.co. A grosse Hagge :

And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her Tongue.

Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leave your selfe
Hardly one Subject.

Leo. Once more take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy, and unnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.

Leo. Ile ha'thee burnt.

Paul. I care not :

It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not she which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant :
But this most cruell usage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accusation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) something savors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the World.

Leo. On your Allegiance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you doe not push me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours : *Jove* send her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs these hands?
You that are thus so tender o're his Follyes,
Will never doe him good, not one of you.
So, so : Farewell, we are gone.

Exit.

Leo. Thou (Traytor) hast set on thy Wife to this,
My Child? away with't? even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o're it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire,
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight :
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimonie) or Ile seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine : if thou refuse,

And wilt encounter with my Wrath, say so ;
 The Bastard-braynes with these my proper hands
 Shall I dash out. Goe, take it to the fire,
 For thou sett'st on thy Wife.

Antig. I did not, Sir :
 These Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they please,
 Can cleare me in't.

Lords. We can : my Royall Liege,
 He is not guiltie of her comming hither.

Leo. You're lyers all.

Lord. Beseech your Highnesse, give us better credit :
 We have alwayes truly serv'd you, and beseech
 So to esteeme of us : and on our knees we begge,
 (As recompence of our deare services
 Past, and to come) that you doe change this purpose,
 Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
 Lead on to some foule Issue. We all kneele.

Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows :
 Shall I live on, to see this Bastard kneele,
 And call me Father ? better burne it now,
 Then curse it then. But be it : let it live,
 It shall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither :
 You that have beene so tenderly officious
 With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
 To save this Bastards life ; for 'tis a Bastard,
 So sure as this Beard's gray. What will you adventure,
 To save this Brats life ?

Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
 That my abilitie may undergoe,
 And Noblenesse impose : at least thus much ;
 Ile pawne the little blood which I have left,
 To save the Innocent : any thing possible.

Leo. It shall be possible : Swear by this Sword
 Thou wilt performe my bidding.

Antig. I will (my Lord.)

Leo. Marke, and performe it : seest thou : for the faile
 Of any point in't, shall not onely be
 Death to thy selfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
 (Whom for this time we pardon.) We enjoyne thee,
 As thou art Liege-man to us, that thou carry
 This female Bastard hence, and that thou beare it
 To some remote and desart place, quite out
 Of our Dominions; and that there thou leave it
 (Without more mercy) to its owne protection,
 And favour of the Climate: as by strange fortune
 It came to us, I doe in Justice charge thee,
 On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
 That thou commend it strangely to some place,
 Where Chance may nurse, or end it: take it up.

Antig. I sweare to doe this: though a present death
 Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
 Some powerfull Spirit instruct the Kytes and Ravens
 To be thy Nurses. Wolves and Beares, they say,
 (Casting their savagenesse aside) have done
 Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be prosperous
 In more then this deed do's require; and Blessing
 Against this Crueltie, fight on thy side
 (Poore Thing, condemn'd to losse.)

Exit.

Leo. No: Ile not reare
 Anothers Issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your Highnesse, Posts
 From those you sent to th'Oracle, are come
 An houre since: *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
 Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
 Hasting to th'Court.

Lord. So please you (Sir) their speed
 Hath beene beyond accompt.

Leo. Twentie three dayes

They have beene absent: tis good speed: fore-tells
 The great *Apollo* suddenly will have
 The truth of this appeare: Prepare you Lords,
 Summon a Session, that we may arraigne
 Our most disloyall Lady: for as she hath
 Been publikely accus'd, so shall she have
 A just and open Triall. While she lives,
 My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
 And thinke upon my bidding.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre most sweet,
 Fertile the Isle, the Temple much surpassing
 The common prayse it beares.

Dion. I shall report,
 For most it caught me, the Celestiall Habits,
 (Me thinks I so should terme them) and the reverence
 Of the grave Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
 How ceremonious, solemne, and un-earthly
 It was i'th'Offring?

Cleo. But of all, the burst
 And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,
 Kin to *Joves* Thunder, so surpriz'd my Sence,
 That I was nothing.

Dio. If th'event o'th'Journey
 Prove as successefull to the Queene (O be't so)
 As it hath beene to us, rare, pleasant, speedie,
 The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great *Apollo*
 Turne all to th'best: these Proclamations,
 So forcing faults upon *Hermione*,
 I little like.

Dio. The violent carriage of it
 Will cleare, or end the Businesse, when the Oracle
 (Thus by *Apollo's* great Divine seal'd up)
 Shall the Contents discover : something rare
 Even then will rush to knowledge. Goe : fresh Horses,
 And gracious be the issue. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers. Hermione (as to her Triall)
Ladies : Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Sessions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
 Even pushes 'gainst our heart. The partie try'd,
 The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
 Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
 Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
 Proceed in Justice, which shall have due course,
 Even to the Guilt, or the Purgation :
 Produce the Prisoner.

Officer. It is his Highnesse pleasure, that the Queene
 Appeare in person, here in Court. *Silence.*

Leo. Reade the Indictment.

Officer. *Hermione, Queene to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia,*
thou art here accused and arraigned of High Treason, in committing
Adultery with Polixenes King of Bohemia, and conspiring with
Camillo to take away the Life of our Sovereigne Lord the King,
thy Royall Husband : the pretence whereof being by circumstances
partly layd open, thou (Hermione) contrary to the Faith and Allegiance
of a true Subject didst counsaile and ayde them, for their better
safetie, to flye away by Night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
 Which contradicts my Accusation, and
 The testimonie on my part, no other
 But what comes from my selfe, it shall scarce boot me

To say, Not guiltie : mine Integritie
 Being counted Falsehood, shall (as I expresse it)
 Be so receiv'd. But thus, if Powres Divine
 Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
 I doubt not then, but Innocence shall make
 False Accusation blush, and Tyrannie
 Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) best know
 (Whom least will seeme to doe so) my past life
 Hath beene as continent, as chaste, as true,
 As I am now unhappy ; which is more
 Then Historie can patterne, though devis'd,
 And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
 A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
 A Moitie of the Throne : a great Kings Daughter,
 The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here standing
 To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
 Who please to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
 As I weigh Griefe (which I would spare :) For Honor,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
 And onely that I stand for. I appeale
 To your owne Conscience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
 Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so : Since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrant, I
 Have strayn'd t'apppeare thus ; if one jot beyond
 The bound of Honor, or in act, or will.
 That way enclining : hardned be the hearts
 Of all that heare me, and my neer'st of Kin
 Cry fie upon my Grave.

Leo. I ne're heard yet,
 That any of these bolder Vices wanted
 Lesse Impudence to gaine-say what they did,
 Then to performe it first.

Her. That's true enough,
 Though 'tis a saying (Sir) not due to me.

Leo. You will not owne it.

Her. More then Mistresse of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confesse
I lov'd him, as in Honor he requir'd :
With such a kind of Love, as might become
A Lady like me ; with a Love, even such,
So, and no other, as your selfe commanded :
Which, not to have done, I thinke had been in me
Both Disobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whose Love had spoke,
Even since it could speake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conspiracie,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how : All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honest man ;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themselves
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'ne to doe in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speake a Language that I understand not :
My Life stands in the levell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.

Leo. Your actions are my Dreames.
You had a Bastard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it : As you were past all shame,
(Those of your Fact are so) so past all truth ;
Which to deny, concernes more then availes : for as
Thy Brat hath been cast out, like to it selfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) so thou
Shalt feele our Justice ; in whose easiest passage,
Looke for no lesse then death.

Her. Sir, spare your Threats :
 The Bugge which you would fright me with, I seeke :
 To me can Life be no commoditie ;
 The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Favor)
 I doe give lost, for I doe feele it gone,
 But know not how it went. My second Joy,
 And first Fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
 (Star'd most unluckily) is from my breast
 (The innocent milke in it most innocent mouth)
 Hal'd out to murther. My selfe on every Post
 Proclaym'd a Strumpet : With immodest hatred
 The Child-bed priviledge deny'd, which longs
 To Women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
 Here, to this place, i'th'open ayre, before
 I have got strength of limit. Now (my Liege)
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should feare to die ? Therefore proceed :
 But yet heare this : mistake me not : no Life,
 (I prize it not a straw) but for mine Honor,
 Which I would free : if I shall be condemn'd
 Upon surmizes (all proofes sleeping else,
 But what your Jealousies awake) I tell you
 'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
 I doe referre me to the Oracle :
Apollo be my Judge.

Lord. This your request
 Is altogether just : therefore bring forth
 (And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my Father.
 Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
 His Daughters Tryall : that he did but see
 The flatnesse of my miserie ; yet with eyes
 Of Pity, not Revenge.

Officer. You here shal sweare upon this Sword of Justice,

That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) have
 Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up Oracle, by the Hand deliver'd
 Of great *Apollo's* Priest ; and that since then,
 You have not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
 Nor read the Secrets in't.

Cleo. Dio. All this we sweare.

Leo. 'Breake up the Seales, and read.

Officer. *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blamelesse, Camillo a true
 Subject, Leontes a jealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten,
 and the King shall live without an Heire, if that which is lost be
 not found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great *Apollo*.

Her. Praysed.

Leo. Hast thou read truth ?

Offic. I (my Lord) even so as it is here set downe.

Leo. There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle :

The Sessions shall proceed : this is meere falsehood.

Ser. My Lord the King : the King ?

Leo. What is the businesse ?

Ser. O Sir, I shall be hated to report it.

The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
 Of the Queenes speed, is gone.

Leo. How ? gone ?

Ser. Is dead.

Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heavens themselves
 Doe strike at my Injustice. How now there ?

Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene : Look downe
 And see what Death is doing.

Leo. Take her hence :

Her heart is but o're-charg'd : she will recover.

I have too much beleev'd mine owne suspicion :

'Beseech you tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon

My great prophanenesse 'gainst thine Oracle.

Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy :)
For being transported by my Jealousies
To bloody thoughts, and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poyson
My friend *Polixenes* : which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My swift command : though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done : he (most humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Guest
Unclasp'd my practise, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himselfe commended,
No richer then his Honor : How he glisters
Through my Rust ? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker ?

Paul.

Woe the while :

O cut my Lacc, least my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.

Lord. What fit is this ? good Lady ?

Paul. What studied torments (Tyrant) hast for me ?
What Wheelles ? Racks ? Fires ? What flaying ? boyling ?
In Leads, or Oyles ? What old, or newer Torture
Must I receive ? whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Jealousies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they have done,
And then run mad indeed : starke-mad : for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betrayed'st *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but shew thee, of a Foole, inconstant,
And damnable ingratefull :) Nor was't much,

Thou would'st have poyson'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
 To have him kill a King : poore Trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by : whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
 To be or none, or little ; though a Devill
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't :
 Nor is't directly layd to thee the death
 Of the young Prince, whose honorable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
 That could conceive a grosse and foolish Sire
 Blemish'd his gracious Dam : this is not, no,
 Layd to thy answer : but the last : O Lords,
 When I have said, cry woe : the Queene, the Queene,
 The sweet'st, deer'st creature's dead : & vengeance for't
 Not drop'd downe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Pau. I say she's dead : Ile swear't. If word, not oath
 Prevaile not, go and see : if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye,
 Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serve you
 As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
 Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
 Then all thy woes can stirre : therefore betake thee
 To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
 In storme perpetuall, could not move the Gods
 To looke that way thou wer't.

Leo. Go on, go on :
 Thou canst not speake too much, I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talke their bittrest.

Lord. Say no more ;
 How ere the businesse goes, you have made fault
 I'th boldnesse of your speech.

Pau. I am sorry for't ;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much
 The rashnesse of a woman : he is toucht
 To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
 Should be past greefe : Do not receive affliction
 At my petition ; I beseech you, rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
 Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman :
 The love I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
 He speake of her no more, nor of your Children :
 He not remember you of my owne Lord,
 (Who is lost too :) take your patience to you,
 And He say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
 When most the truth : which I receyve much better,
 Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
 To the dead bodies of my Queene and Sonne,
 One grave shall be for both : Upon them shall
 The causes of their death appeare (unto
 Our shame perpetuall) once a day, He visit
 The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
 Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
 Will beare up with this exercise, so long
 I dayly vow to use it. Come, and leade me
 To these sorrowes.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepebeard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht upon
 The Desarts of *Bobemia*.

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
 We have Landed in ill time : the skies looke grimly,

And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heavens with that we have in hand, are angry,
And frowne upon's.

Ant. Their sacred wil's be done : go get a-board,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
T'oo-farre i'th Land : 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe upon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so ridde o'th businesse.

Exit.

Ant. Come, poore babe ;
I have heard (but not beleev'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe : if such thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me last night : for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another,
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd, and so becomming : in pure white Robes
Like very sanctity she did approach
My Cabine where I lay : thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts ; the furie spent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (against thy better disposition)
Hath made thy person for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weepe, and leave it crying : and for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*
I prethee call't : For this ungentle businesse
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see

Thy Wife *Paulina* more : and so, with shrieks
 She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect my selfe, and thought
 This was so, and no slumber : Dreames, are toyes,
 Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do beleewe
Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the issue
 Of King *Polixenes*) it should heere be laide
 (Either for life, or death) upon the earth
 Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,
 There lye, and there thy charrafter : there these,
 Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)
 And still rest thine. The storme beginnes, poore wretch,
 That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
 To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
 But my heart bleedes : and most accurst am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell,
 The day frownes more and more : thou'rt like to have
 A lullabie too rough : I never saw
 The heavens so dim, by day. A savage clamor ?
 Well may I get a-boord : This is the Chace,
 I am gone for ever.

Exit pursued by a Beare.

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest, for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing, fighting, hearke you now : would any but these boylde-braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather ? They have scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Maister ; if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of Ivy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what have we heere ? Mercy on's, a Barne ? A very pretty barne ; A boy, or a Childe I wonder ? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) sure some Scape ; Though I am not bookish, yet I can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the scape : this

has beene some staire-worke, some Trunke-worke, some behinde-doore worke : they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it up for pity, yet Ile tarry till my sonne come : he hallow'd but even now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither : what ayl'st thou, man?

Cl. I have seene two such sights, by Sea & by Land : but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Cl. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore, but that's not to the point : Oh, the most pittieous cry of the poore soules, sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em : Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hogshead. And then for the Land-service, to see how the Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman : But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-dragon'd it : but first, how the poore soules roared, and the sea mock'd them : and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Cl. Now, now : I have not wink'd since I saw these sights : the men are not yet cold under water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman : he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to have help'd the olde man.

Cl. I would you had beene by the ship side, to have help'd her ; there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters : but looke thee heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe : thou met'st with things dying, I with

things new borne. Here's a sight for thee : Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe : looke thee heere, take up, take up (Boy :) open't : so, let's see, it was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some Changeling : open't : what's within, boy ?

Clo. You're a mad olde man : If the sinnes of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Golde, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faery Gold boy, and 'twill prove so : up with't, keepe it close : home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but secrecie. Let my sheepe go : Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten : they are never curst but when they are hungry : if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed : if thou mayest discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'sight of him.

Clowne. 'Marry will I : and you shall helpe to put him 'ith' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that please some, try all : both joy and terror
Of good, and bad : that makes, and unfolds error,
Now take upon me (in the name of Time)
To use my wings : Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
Ore sixteene yeeres, and leave the growth untride
Of that wide gap, since it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one selfe-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Custome. Let me passe

The same I am, ere ancient'st Order was,
 Or what is now receiv'd. I witnesse to
 The times that brought them in, so shall I do
 To th'freshest things now reigning, and make stale
 The glistening of this present, as my Tale
 Now seemes to it: your patience this allowing,
 I turne my glasse, and give my Scene such growing
 As you had slept betweene: *Leontes* leaving
 Th'effects of his fond jealousies, so greiving
 That he shuts up himselfe. Imagine me
 (Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
 In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
 I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings, which *Florizell*
 I now name to you: and with speed so pace
 To speake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
 Equall with wond'ring. What of her issues
 I list not prophesie: but let Times newes
 Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A shepherds daughter
 And what to her adheres, which followes after,
 Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
 If ever you have spent time worse, ere now:
 If never, yet that Time himselfe doth say,
 He wishes earnestly, you never may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a sicknesse denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fiftene yeeres since I saw my Country: though I have (for the most part) bin ayred abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent King (my Master) hath sent for me, to whose feeling sorrowes I might be some allay, or I oweene to thinke so) which is another spurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'st me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now : the neede I have of thee, thine owne goodnesse hath made : better not to have had thee, then thus to want thee, thou having made me Businesses, (which none (without thee) can sufficiently manage) must either stay to execute them thy selfe, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done : which if I have not enough considered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankfull to thee, shall bee my studie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendshippes. Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee speake no more, whose very naming, punnishes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou calst him) and reconciled King my brother, whose losse of his most precious Queene & Children, are even now to be a-fresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the Prince *Florizell* my son ? Kings are no lesse unhappy, their issue, not being gracious, then they are in loosing them, when they have approved their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes since I saw the Prince : what his happier affayres may be, are to me unknowne : but I have (missingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is lesse frequent to his Princely exercises then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much (*Camillo*) and with some care, so farre, that I have eyes under my service, which looke upon his removednesse : from whom I have this Intelligence, that he is seldome from the house of a most homely shepheard : a man (they say) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard (sir) of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note : the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my Intelligence : but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our sonne thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have some question with the shepheard ; from whose simplicity, I thinke it not uneasie to get the cause of my sonnes resort thether. 'Prethe

be my present partner in this busines, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best *Camillo*, we must disguise our selves. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolycus singing.

*When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood rains in the winters pale.*

*The white sheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the sweet birds, O how they sing :
Doth set my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a dish for a King.*

*The Larke, that tirra Lyra chaunts,
With beigh, the Thrush and the Jay :
Are Summer songs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.*

I have serv'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of service.

*But shall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone shines by night :
And when I wander here, and there
I then do most go right.
If Tinkers may have leave to live,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may give,
and in the Stockes avouch-it.*

My Trafficke is sheetes : when the Kite builds, looke to lesser Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd under Mercurie, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles : With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Caparison, and my Revennew is the silly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee : For the life to come, I sleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me see, every Leaven-weather todde, every tod yeeldes pound and odde shilling : fiftene hundred shorne, what comes the wooll too.

Aut. If the sprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee see, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-shearing-Feast ? Three pound of Sugar, five pound of Currence, Rice : What will this sister of mine do with Rice ? But my father hath made her Mistris of the Feast, and she layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Nose-gayes for the shearers (three-man song-men, all, and very good ones) but they are most of them Meanes and Bases ; but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings Psalmes to horne-pipes. I must have Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace : Dates, none : that's out of my note : Nutmegges, seven ; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge : Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reysons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that ever I was borne.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee : plucke but off these ragges : and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore soule, thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then have these off.

Aut. Oh sir, the loathsomnesse of them offend mee, more then the stripes I have received, which are mightie ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd sir, and beaten : my money, and apparrell tane from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man ?

Aut. A footman (sweet sir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee : If this bee a horsemans Coate, it hath seene very hot service. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good sir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore soule.

Aut. Oh good sir, softly, good sir : I feare (sir) my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now ? Canst stand ?

Aut. Softly, deere sir : good sir, softly : you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doest lacke any mony ? I have a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir : no, I beseech you sir : I have a Kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whome I was going : I shall there have money, or anie thing I want : Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

Clew. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you ?

Aut. A fellow (sir) that I have knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames : I knew him once a servant of the Prince : I cannot tell good sir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainly Whipt out of the Court.

Clo. His vices you would say : there's no vertue whipt out of the Court : they cherish it to make it stay there ; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene since an Ape-bearer, then a Processe-server (a Bayliffe) then hee compast a Motion of the Prodigall sonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Living lyes ; and (having flowne over many knavish professions) he settled onely in Rogue : some call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him : Prig, for my life Prig : he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true sir : he sir hee : that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bobemia* ; If you had but look'd bigge, and spit at him, hee'd have runne.

Aut. I must confesse to you (sir) I am no fighter : I am false of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now ?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better then I was : I can stand, and walke : I will even take my leave of you, & pace softly towards my Kinsmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way ?

Aut. No, good fac'd sir, no sweet sir.

Clo. Then fartheewell, I must go buy Spices for our sheepe-shearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Prosper you sweet sir. Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your Spice : Ile be with you at your sheepe-shearing too : If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the sheerers prove sheepe, let me be untold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Jog-on, Jog-on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the Stile-a :
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tyres in a Mile-a.*

Exit.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Autolicus.

Flo. These your unusuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's give a life : no Shepherdesse, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your sheepe-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir : my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me :
(Oh pardon, that I name them :) your high selfe
The gracious marke o'th' Land, you have obscur'd
With a Swaines wearing : and me (poore lowly Maide)
Most Goddess-like prank'd up : But that our Feasts
In every Messe, have folly ; and the Feeders
Digest with a Custome, I should blush
To see you so attyr'd : sworne I thinke,
To shew my selfe a glasse.

Flo. I blesse the time,
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-crosse
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Jove affoord you cause :
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatnesse
Hath not beene us'd to feare :) even now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by some accident
Should passe this way, as you did : Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to see his worke, so noble,
Vildely bound up ? What would he say ? Or how
Should I (in these my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The sternnesse of his presence ?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity : the Goddess themselves
(Humbling their Deities to love) have taken
The shapes of Beasts upon them. Jupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd : the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated : and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I seeme now. Their transformations,
Were never for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste : since my desires
Run not before mine honor : nor my Lusts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd (as it must be) by th'powre of the King :
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speake, that you must change this purpose,
 Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deer'st *Perdita*,
 With these forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
 The mirth o'th'Feast : Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
 Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
 Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
 Though destiny say no. Be merry (Gentle)
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are comming :
 Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
 We two have sworne shall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
 Stand you auspicious.

Flo. See, your Guests approach,
 Adresse your selfe to entertaine them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liv'd : upon
 This day, she was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
 Both Dame and Servant : Welcom'd all : serv'd all,
 Would sing her song, and dance her turne : now heere
 At upper end o'th Table ; now, i'th middle :
 On his shoulder, and his : her face o'fire
 With labour, and the thing she tooke to quench it
 She would to each one sip. You are retyred,
 As if you were a feasted one : and not
 The Hostesse of the meeting : Pray you bid
 These unknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
 A way to make us better Friends, more knowne.
 Come, quench your blushes, and present your selfe

That which you are, Mistris o'th'Feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheepe-shearing,
As your good flocke shall prosper.

Perd.

Sir, welcome :

It is my Fathers will, I should take on mee
The Hostesseship o'th'day : you're welcome sir.
Give me those Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reverend Sirs,
For you, there's Rosemary, and Rue, these keepe
Seeming, and savour all the Winter long :
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol.

Shepherdesse,

(A faire one are you :) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.

Perd.

Sir, the yeare growing ancient,

Not yet on summers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayrest flowres o'th season
Are our Carnations, and streak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which some call Natures bastards) of that kind
Our rusticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol.

Wherefore (gentle Maiden)

Do you neglect them.

Perd.

For I have heard it said,

There is an Art, which in their pidenesse shares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol.

Say there be :

Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane : so over that Art,
(Which you say addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes : you see (sweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildest Stocke,
And make conceyve a barke of baser kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature : change it rather, but
The Art it selfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make your Garden rich in Gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to set one slip of them :
No more then were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well : and onely therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you :
Hot Lavender, Mints, Savory, Marjorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with'Sun,
And with him rises, weeping : These are flowres
Of middle summer, and I thinke they are given
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grasing, were I of your flocke,
And onely live by gazing.

Perd. Out alas :
You'd be so leane, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through: Now (my fairest Friend,)
I would I had some Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day : and yours, and yours,
That weare upon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing : O *Proserpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'st fall
From *Dysses* Waggon : Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty : Violets (dim,
But sweeter then the lids of *Juno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roses,
That dye unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength (a Maladie
Most incident to Maids :) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall : Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, these I lacke,
To make you Garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o're, and ore.

Flo. What? like a Coarse?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Love to lye, and play on :
Not like a Coarse : or if : not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I have seene them do
In Whitson-Pastorals : Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my disposition :

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speake (Sweet)
I'd have you do it ever : When you sing,
I'd have you buy, and sell so : so give Almes,
Pray so : and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'th Sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that : move still, still so :
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So singular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the present deeda,
That all your Actes, are Queenea.

Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd Shepherd
With wisdom, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I thinke you have
As little skill to feare, as I have purpose
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita* :) so Turtles paire
That never meane to part.

Perd. Ile sweare for 'em.

Po. This is the prettiest Low-borne Lasse, that ever
Ran on the greene-sord : Nothing she do's, or seemes
But smackes of something greater then her selfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her something
That makes her blood looke on't: Good sooth she is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Clo. Come on : strike up.

Dorcas. *Mopsa* must be your Mistris: marry Garlick
To mend her kissing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners,
Come, strike up.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shephearddresses.

Pol. Pray good Sheheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boasts himselfe
To have a worthy Feeding; but I have it
Upon his owne report, and I beleeeve it:
Hee lookes like sooth: he sayes he loves my daughter,
I thinke so too; for never gaz'd the Moone
Upon the water, as hee'l stand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kisse to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she do's any thing, though I report it
That should be silent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreames of.

Enter Servant.

Ser. O Master: if you did but heare the Pedler at the doore,
you would never dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the
Bag-pipe could not move you: hee singes severall Tunes, faster
then you'l tell money: hee utters them as he had eaten ballads,
and all mens eares grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: hee shall come in: I love a

ballad but even too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily set downe : or a very pleasant thing indeede, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs for man, or woman, of all sizes : No Milliner can so fit his customers with Gloves : he has the prettiest Love-songs for Maida, so without bawdrie (which is strange,) with such delicate burthens of Dildo's and Fadings : Jump-her, and thump-her ; and where some stretch-mouth'd Rascall, would (as it were) meane mischeefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to answere, *Wboop, doe me no harme good man* : put's him off, slights him, with *Wboop, doe mee no harme good man*.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Beleeve mee, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any unbraided Wares ?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th' Rainebow ; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bobemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'grosse : Inckles, Caddysses, Cambricks, Lawnes : why he sings em over, as they were Gods, or Goddesses : you would thinke a Smocke were a shee-Angell, he so chauntes to the sleeve-hand, and the worke about the square on't.

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You have of these Pedlers, that have more in them, then youl'd thinke (Sister.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolycus singing.

*Lawne as white as driven Snow,
Cypresse blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloves as sweete as Damaske Roses,
Masks for faces, and for noses :
Bugle-bracelet, Necke-lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber :*

*Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to give their deers :
Pins, and poaking-stickes of Steele,
What Maids lacke from head to heele :
Come buy of me, come : come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or else your Lasses cry : Come buy.*

Clo. If I were not in love with *Mopsa*, thou shouldst take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them against the Feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you : 'May be he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids ? Will they weare their plackets, where they should bear their faces ? Is there not milking-time ? When you are going to bed ? Or kill-hole ? To whistle of these secrets, but you must be tittle-tatling before all our guests ? 'Tis well they are whispering : clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done ; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of sweet Gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behooves men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so sir, for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast heere ? Ballads ?

Mop. Pray now buy some : I love a ballet in print, o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Usurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how she long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you ?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Blesse me from marrying a Usurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwives name to't : one *Mist. Tale-Porter*, and five or six honest Wives, that were present. Why should I carry lyes abroad ?

Mop. Pray you now buy it.

— *Clo.* Come-on, lay it by : and let's first see moe Ballada. Wee'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fish, that appeared upon the coast, on wensday the fourescore of April, fortie thousand fadom above water, & sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids : it was thought she was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she wold not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her : The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Five Justices hands at it, and witnesses more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too ; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry onea.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man : there's scarce a Maide westward but she sings it : 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it : if thou'lt beare a part, thou shalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you must know 'tis my occupation : Have at it with you :

Song. *Get you hence, for I must goe*

Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*

Dor. *Whether ?*

Mop. *O whether ?*

Dor. *Whether ?*

Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.*

Dor. *Me too : Let me go thither :*

Mop. *Or thou goest to th' Grange, or Mill,*

Dor. *If to either thou dost ill.*

Aut. *Neither.*

Dor. *What neither ?*

Aut. *Neither :*

Dor. *Thou hast sworn my Love to be,*

Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to mee.*

Then whether goest ? Say whether ?

Clo. Wee'l have this song out anon by our selves : My Father, and the Gent. are in sad talke, & wee'll not trouble them : Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both : Pedler let's have the first choice ; folow me girles.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Cape ?
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a ?*

*Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your bead
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.*

Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,

That doth utter all mens ware-a.

Exit.

Servant. Mayster, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds that have made themselves all men of haire, they cal themselves Saltiers, and they have a Dance, which the Wenches say is a gally-maufrey of Gambols, because they are not in't : but they themselves are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away : Wee'l none on't ; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie those that refresh us : pray let's see these foure-threes of Heardsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath

danc'd before the King : and not the worst of the three, but
jumps twelve foote and a halfe by th'squire.

Shep. Leave your prating, since these good men are pleas'd,
let them come in : but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelve Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter :
Is it not too farre gone ? 'Tis time to part them,
He's simple, and tels much. How now (faire shepheard)
Your heart is full of something, that do's take
Your minde from feasting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed love, as you do ; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes : I would have ransackt
The Pedlers silken Treasury, and have powr'd it
To her acceptance : you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Lasse
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lacke of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply at least, if you make a care
Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are :
The gifts she lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it should seeme)
Hath sometime lov'd : I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as Doves-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopians tooth, or the fan'd snow, that's bolted
By th'Notherne blasts, twice ore.

Pol. What follows this ?
How prettily th'yong Swaine seemes to wash
The hand, was faire before ? I have put you out,
But to your protestation : Let me heare

What you professe.

Flo. Do, and be witnesse too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too ?

Flo. And he, and more

Then he, and men : the earth, the heavens, and all ;
That were I crown'd the most Imperiall Monarch
Thereof most worthy : were I the fayrest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More then was ever mans, I would not prize them
Without her Love ; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemne them to her service,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This shoves a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,

Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot speake

So well, (nothing so well) no, nor meane better
By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine ;
And friends unknowne, you shall beare witnesse to't :
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that must bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter : One being dead,
I shall have more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder : but come-on,
Contract us fore these Witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand :
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beseech you,
Have you a Father ?

Flo. I have : but what of him ?

Pol. Knowes he of this ?

Flo. He neither do's, nor shall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his sonne, a guest
That best becomes the Table : Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapeable
Of reasonable affayres ? Is he not stupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes ? Can he speake ? heare ?
Know man, from man ? Dispute his owne estate ?
Lies he not bed-rid ? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childish ?

Flo. No good Sir :
He has his health, and ampler strength indeede
Then most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be so) a wrong
Something unfilliall : Reason my sonne
Should choosè himselve a wife, but as good reason
The Father (all whose joy is nothing else
But faire posterity) should hold some counsaile
In such a businesse.

Flo. I yeeld all this ;
But for some other reasons (my grave Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, Ile not acquaint
My Father of this businesse.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shcp. Let him (my sonne) he shall not need to greeve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not :
Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your divorce (yong sir)
Whom sonne I dare not call : Thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a Scepters heire,

That thus affects a sheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee, I can
But shorten thy life one weeke. And thou, fresh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force must know
The royall Foole thou coap'st with.

Shep.

O my heart.

Pol. Ile have thy beauty scratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy state. For thee (fond boy)
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knacke (as never
I meane thou shalt) wee'l barre thee from succession,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then *Deucalion* off: (marke thou my words)
Follow us to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our displeasure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,
Worthy enough a Heardsman: yea him too,
That makes himselfe (but for our Honor therein)
Unworthy thee. If ever henceforth, thou
These rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will devise a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't.

Exit.

Perd.

Even heere undone:

I was not much a-fear'd: for once, or twice
I was about to speake, and tell him plainly,
The selfe-same Sun, that shines upon his Court,
Hides not his visage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt please you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this: Beseech you
Of your owne state take care: This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam.

Why how now Father,

Speake ere thou dyest.

Shep. I cannot speake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know: O Sir,
You have undone a man of fourescore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet: yea,
To dye upon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye close by his honest bones; but now
Some Hangman must put on my shrowd, and lay me
Where no Priest shovels-in dust. Oh cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the Prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone:
If I might dye within this houre, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

Exit.

Flo. Why looke you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not affear'd: delaid,
But nothing altred: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking backe; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper: at this time
He will allow no speech: (which I do ghesse
You do not purpose to him :) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight, as yet I feare;
Then till the fury of his Highnesse settle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it:
I thinke *Camillo*.

Cam. Even he, my Lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The Violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature crush the sides o'th earth together,
And marre the seeds within. Lift up thy lookes:
From my succession wipe me (Father) I

Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am : and by my fancie, if my Reason
Will thereto be obedient : I have reason :
If not, my sences better pleas'd with madnesse,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate (sir.)

Flo. So call it : but it do's fulfill my vow :
I needs must thinke it honestly. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bobemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned : for all the Sun sees, or
The close earth wombes, or the profound seas, hides
In unknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belov'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he shall misse me, as (in faith I meane not
To see him any more) cast your good counsailes
Upon his passion : let my selfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on shore :
And most opportune to her neede, I have
A Vessell rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this designe. What course I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*,
He heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoveable,
Resolv'd for flight : Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to serve my turne,
Save him from danger, do him love and honor,

Purchase the sight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that unhappy King, my Master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am so fraught with curious businesse, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You have heard of my poore services, i'th love
That I have borne your Father ?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd : It is my Fathers Musicke
To speake your deeds : not little of his care
To have them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may please to thinke I love the King,
And through him, what's neerest to him, which is
Your gracious selfe ; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your Highnesse, where you may
Enjoy your Mistris ; from the whom, I see
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heavens forefend) your ruine : Marry her,
And with my best endeavours, in your absence,
Your discontenting Father, strive to qualifie
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almost a miracle) be done ?
That I may call thee something more then man,
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'l go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as th'unthought-on accident is guiltie

To what we wildly do, so we professe
 Our selves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
 Of every winde that blowes.

Cam. Then list to me :
 This followes, if you will not change your purpose
 But undergo this flight ; make for Sicillia,
 And there present your selfe, and your fayre Princesse,
 (For so I see she must be) 'fore *Leontes* ;
 She shall be habited, as it becomes
 The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I see
Leontes opening his free Armes, and weeping
 His Welcomes forth : asks thee there Sonne forgivenessse,
 As 'twere i'th'Fathers person : kisses the hands
 Of your fresh Princesse ; ore and ore divides him,
 'Twixt his unkindnesse, and his Kindnesse : th'one
 He chides to Hell, and bids the other grow
 Faster then Thought, or Time.

Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
 What colour for my Visitation, shall I
 Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the King your Father
 To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
 The manner of your bearing towards him, with
 What you (as from your Father) shall deliver,
 Things knowne betwixt us three, Ile write you downe,
 The which shall point you forth at every sitting
 What you must say : that he shall not perceive,
 But that you have your Fathers Bosome there,
 And speake his very Heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
 There is some sappe in this.

Cam. A Course more promising,
 Then a wild dedication of your selves
 To unpath'd Waters, undream'd Shores ; most certaine,

To Miseries enough : no hope to helpe you,
But as you shake off one, to take another :
Nothing so certaine, as your Anchors, who
Doe their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'le be loth to be : besides you know,
Prosperitie's the very bond of Love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Perd. One of these is true :
I thinke Affliction may subdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.

Cam. Yea ? say you so ?
There shall not, at your Fathers House, these seven yeeres
Be borne another such.

Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward, of her Breeding, as
She is i'th'reare' our Birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pitty
She lacks Instructions, for she seemes a Mistresse
To most that teach.

Perd. Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.

Flo. My prettiest *Perdita*,
But O, the Thornes we stand upon : (*Camillo*)
Preserver of my Father, now of me,
The Medicine of our House : how shall we doe ?
We are not furnish'd like *Bobemia's* Sonne,
Nor shall appeare in *Sicilia*.

Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this : I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there : it shall be so my care,
To have you royally appointed, as if
The Scene you play, were mine. For instance Sir,
That you may know you shall not want : one word.

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a Foole Honestie is? and Trust (his sworne brother) a very simple Gentleman. I have sold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone, not a Ribbon, Glasse, Pomander, Browch, Table-booke, Ballad, Knife, Tape, Glove, Shooe-tye, Bracelet, Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I saw whose Purse was best in Picture; and what I saw, to my good use, I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the Wenches Song, that hee would not stirre his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which so drew the rest of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences stucke in Eares: you might have pinch'd a Placket, it was sencelesse; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purse: I would have fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie, I pickd and cut most of their Festivall Purses: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub against his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and scar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purse alive in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay, but my Letters by this meanes being there
So soone as you arrive, shall cleare that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'le procure from King *Leontes*?

Cam. Shall satisfie your Father.

Perd.

Happy be you:

All that you speake, shewes faire.

Cam.

Who have we here?

Wee'le make an Instrument of this: omit

Nothing may give us aide.

Aut. If they have over-heard me now: why hanging.

Cam. How now (good Fellow)

Why shak'st thou so? Feare not (man)

Here's no harme intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be so still : here's no body will steale that from thee : yet for the out-side of thy povertie, we must make an exchange ; therefore dis-case thee instantly (thou must thinke there's a necessitie in't) and change Garments with this Gentleman : Though the penny-worth (on his side) be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir : (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee dispatch : the Gentleman is halfe fled already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, Sir ? (I smell the trick on't.)

Flo. Dispatch, I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I have had Earnest, but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

Fortunate Mistresse (let my prophecie
Come home to ye :) you must retire your selfe
Into some Covert ; take your sweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Dis-mantle you, and (as you can) disliken
The truth of your owne seeming, that you may
(For I doe feare eyes over) to Ship-board
Get undescry'd.

Perd. I see the Play so lyes,
That I must beare a part.

Cam. No remedie :
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no Hat :
Come Lady, come : Farewell (my friend.)

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O *Perdita* : what have we twaine forgot ?
'Pray you a word.

Cam. What I doe next, shall be to tell the King
Of this escape, and whither they are bound ;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevaile,
To force him after : in whose company
I shall re-view *Sicilia* ; for whose sight,
I have a Womans Longing.

Flo.

Fortune speed us :

Thus we set on (*Camillo*) to th'Sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

Exit.

Aut. I understand the businesse, I heare it : to have an open
eare, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a Cut-purse ;
a good Nose is requisite also, to smell out worke for th'other
Sences. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.
What an exchange had this been, without boot ? What a boot is
here, with this exchange ? Sure the Gods doe this yeere con-
nive at us, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince
himselfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (stealing away from his
Father, with his Clog at his heeles :) if I thought it were a peece
of honestie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't : I
hold it the more knaverie to conceale it ; and therein am I con-
stant to my profession.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aside, aside, here is more matter for a hot braine : Every Lanes
end, every Shop, Church, Session, Hanging, yeelds a carefull man
worke.

Clowne. See, see : what a man you are now ? there is no
other way, but to tell the King she's a Changeling, and none of
your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but heare me.

Clow. Nay ; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and
blood ha's not offended the King, and so your flesh and blood is
not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about

her (those secret things, all but what she ha's with her :) This being done, let the Law goe whistle : I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his Sonnes pranks too ; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his Father, nor to me, to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the farthest off you could have beene to him, and then your Blood had beene the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well : let us to the King : there is that in this Farthell, will make him scratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at'Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance : Let me pocket up my Pedlers excrement. How now (Rustiques) whither are you bound ?

Shep. To th'Pallace (and it like your Worship.)

Aut. Your Affaires there ? what ? with whom ? the Condition of that Farthell ? the place of your dwelling ? your names ? your ages ? of what having ? breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be knowne, discover ?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes, Sir.

Aut. A Lye : you are rough, and hayrie : Let me have no lying ; it becomes none but Trades-men, and they often give us (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with stamped Coyne, not stabbing Steele, therefore they doe not give us the Lye.

Clo. Your Worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken your selfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier, and't like you Sir ?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a Courtier. Seest thou not the ayre of the Court, in these enfoldings ? Hath not my gate in it, the measure of the Court ? Receives not thy Nose

Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baseness, Court-Contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, at toaze from thee thy Business. I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will eyther push-on, or pluck-back, thy Business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Business, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What Advocate ha'st thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Advocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: say you have none.

Shep. None, Sir: I have no Pheazant Cock, nor Hen.

Aut. How blessed are we, that are not simple men?

Yet Nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdaine.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handsomely.

Clo. He seemes to be the more Noble, in being fantastical: A great man, Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th'Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes such Secrets in this Farthell and Box, which none must know but the King, and which hee shall know within this houre, if I may come to th'speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace, he is gone aboard a new Ship, to purge Melancholy, and ayre himselfe: for if thou bee'st capable of things serious, thou must knowe the King is full of grieve.

Shep. So 'tis said (Sir:) about his Sonne, that should have married a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-fast, let him flye; the Curses he shall have, the Tortures he shall feelee, will breake the back of Man, the heart of Monster.

Clo. Thinke you so, Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone shall suffer what Wit can make heavie, and Vengeance bitter; but those that are Jermaine to him (though remov'd fiftie times) shall all come under the Hang-man: which, though it be great pittie, yet it is necessarie. An old Sheepe-whistling Rogue, a Ram-tender, to offer to have his Daughter come into grace: Some say hee shall be ston'd: but that death is too soft for him (say I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir (doe you heare) and't like you, Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who shall be flayd alive, then 'noynted over with Honey, set on the head of a Wasps Nest, then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recover'd againe with Aquavite, or some other hot Infusion: then, raw as he is (and in the hottest day Prognostication proclaymes) shall he be set against a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye upon him; where hee is to behold him, with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of these Traitorly-Rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capitall? Tell me (for you seeme to be honest plaine men) what you have to the King: being something gently consider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalves: and if it be in man, besides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man shall doe it.

Clow. He seemes to be of great authoritie: close with him, give him Gold; and though Authoritie be a stubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Nose with Gold: shew the in-side of your Purse to the out-side of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ston'd, and flay'd alive.

Shep. And't please you (Sir) to undertake the Businesse for us, here is that Gold I have: Ile make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the Moitie : Are you a partie in this Businesse ?

Clow. In some sort, Sir : but though my case be a pittifull one, I hope I shall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the case of the Shepheards Sonne : hang him hee'le be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort : We must to the King, and shew our strange sights : he must know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Sister : wee are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man do's, when the Businesse is performed, and remaine (as he sayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walke before toward the Seaside, goe on the right hand, I will but looke upon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clow. We are bless'd, in this man : as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us : he was provided to doe us good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see *Fortune* would not suffer mee : shee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion : (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Master good ; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my advancement ?) I will bring these two Moales, these blind-ones, aboard him, if he thinke it fit to shoare them againe, and that the Complaint they have to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being so farre officious, for I am prooffe against that Title, and what shame else belongs to't : To him will I present them, there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Servants : Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow : No fault could you make,

Which you have not redeem'd ; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence then done trespas : At the last
Doe, as the Heavens have done ; forget your evill,
With them, forgive your selfe.

Leo. Whilest I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still thinke of
The wrong I did my selfe : which was so much,
That Heire-lesse it hath made my Kingdome, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord :)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke something good,
To make a perfect Woman ; she you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I thinke so. Kill'd ?
She I kill'd ? I did so : but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did : it is as bitter
Upon thy Tongue, is in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady :
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindnesse better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not so,
You pittie not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his most Sovereigne Name : Consider little,
What Dangers, by his Highnesse faile of Issue,
May drop upon his Kingdome, and devoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to rejoyce the former Queene is well ?
What holier, then for Royalties repayre,

For present comfort, and for future good,
To blesse the Bed of Majestie againe
With a sweet Fellow to't ?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Respecting her that's gone :) besides the Gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes :
For ha's not the Divine *Apollo* said ?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* shall not have an Heire,
Till his lost Child be found ? Which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our humane reason,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Grave,
And come againe to me : who, on my life,
Did periah with the Infant. 'Tis your counsell,
My Lord should to the Heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. Care not for Issue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th'Worthiest : so his Successor
Was like to be the best.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who hast the memorie of *Hermione*
I know in honor : O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsell : then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my Queenes full eyes,
Have taken Treasure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou speak'st truth :
No more such Wives, therefore no Wife : one worse,
And better us'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me ?

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just such cause.

Leo. She had, and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so :
Were I the Ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shrieke, that even your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes else, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile have no Wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leo. Never (*Paulina*) so be bless'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witness to his Oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unlesse another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madame, I have done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Give me the Office
To chuse you a Queene: she shall not be so young
As was your former, but she shall be such
As (walk'd your first Queenes Ghost) it should take joy
To see her in your armes.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We shall not marry, till thou bidst us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first Queene's againe in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. One that gives out himselfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princesse (she

The fairest I have yet beheld) desires access
To your high presence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatnesse: his approach
(So out of circumstance, and suddaine) tells us,
Tis not a Visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few,
And those but meane.

Leo. His Princess (say you) with him?

Ser. I: the most peerelesse peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne shone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As every present Time doth boast it selfe
Above a better, gone; so must thy Grave
Give way to what's scene now. Sir, you your selfe
Have said, and writ so; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: she had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verse
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have scene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I have almost forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when she ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will have your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would she begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Professors else; make Proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will love her, that she is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that she is
The rarest of all Women.

Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your selfe (assisted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis strange,

He thus should steale upon us.

Exit.

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewell of Children) scene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their birtha.

Leo. 'Prethee no more; cease: thou know'st
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: sure
When I shall see this Gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of Reason. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was most true to Wedlock, Prince,
For she did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is so hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I should call you Brother,
As I did him, and speake of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome,
And your faire Princessse (Goddesse) oh: alas,
I lost a couple, that 'twixt Heaven and Earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I lost
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your brave Father, whom
(Though bearing Miserie) I desire my life
Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Give you all greetings, that a King (as friend)
Can send his Brother: and but Infirmities
(Which waits upon worne times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd Abilitie, he had himselfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Measur'd, to looke upon you; whom he loves

(He bad me say so) more then all the Scepters,
And those that beare them, living.

Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I have done thee, stirre
Afresh within me : and these thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand slacknesse. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th'fearefull usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines ; much lesse,
Th'adventure of her person ?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*.

Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lov'd ?

Flo. Most Royall Sir,
From thence : from him, whose Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her : thence
(A prosperous South-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gave me,
For visiting your Highnesse : My best Train
I have from your *Sicilian* Shores dismiss'd ;
Who for *Bobemia* bend, to signifie
Not onely my successe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arrivall, and my Wifes, in safetie
Here, where we are.

Leo. The blessed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whilst you
Doe Clymate here : you have a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, against whose person
(So sacred as it is) I have done sinne,
For which, the Heavens (taking angry note)
Have left me Issue-lesse : and your Father's bless'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,

Worthy his goodnesse. What might I have been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you ?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most Noble Sir,
That which I shall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the prooffe so nigh. Please you (great Sir)
Bobemia greets you from himselfe, by me :
Desires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both cast off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bobemia* ? speake.

Lord. Here, in your Citie : I now came from him.
I speake amazedly, and it becomes
My mervaille, and my Message. To your Court
Whiles he was hastning (in the Chase, it seemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this seeming Lady, and
Her Brother, having both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me ;
Whose honor, and whose honestie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge :
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who ? *Camillo* ?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir :) I spake with him : who now
Ha's these poore men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneele, they kisse the Earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speake :
Bobemia stops his eares, and threatens them
With divers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father :

The Heaven sets Spyes upon us, will not have
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are married?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be :
The Starres (I see) will kisse the Valleyes first :
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I see) by your good Fathers speed,
Will come-on very slowly. I am sorry
(Most sorry) you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie : and as sorry,
Your Choise is not so rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Deare, looke up :
Though *Fortune*, visible an Enemye,
Should chase us, with my Father ; powre no jot
Hath she to change our Loves. Beseech you (Sir)
Remember, since you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now : with thought of such Affections,
Step forth mine Advocate : at your request,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe so, I'd beg your precious Mistris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't : not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, she was more worth such gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in these Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet un-answer'd : I will to your Father :
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you : Upon which Errand

I now goe toward him : therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make : Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you (Sir) were you present at this Relation ?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliver the manner how he found it : Whereupon (after a little amazednesse) we were all commanded out of the Chamber : onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard say, he found the Child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliverie of the Businesse ; but the changes I perceived in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration : they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to teare the Cases of their Eyes. There was speech in their dumbnesse, Language in their very gesture : they look'd as they had heard of a World ransom'd, or one destroyed : a notable passion of Wonder appeared in them : but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if th'importance were Joy, or Sorrow : but in the extremitie of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more :
The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires : the Oracle is fulfill'd : the Kings Daughter is found : such a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expresse it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, hee can deliver you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd

true) is so like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in strong suspicion: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Most true, if ever Truth were pregnant by Circumstance: That which you heare, you'le swear you see, there is such unitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermione* her Jewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Majestic of the Creature, in resemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Noblenesse, which Nature shewes above her Breeding, and many other Evidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then have you lost a Sight which was to bee seene cannot bee spoken of. There might you have beheld one Joy crowne another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd Sorrow wept to take leave of them: for their Joy waded in teares. There was casting up of Eyes, holding up of Hands, with Countenance of such distraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Favor. Our King being ready to leape out of himselfe, for joy of his found Daughter; as if that Joy were now become a Losse, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then asks *Bohemia* forgiveness, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worries he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which stands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I never heard of such another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and undo's description to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though Credit be asleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This avouches the Shepherds Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which seemes much) to justifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the same instant of their Masters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: so that all the Instruments which ayded to expose the Child, were even then lost, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Joy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the losse of her Husband, another elevated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princesse from the Earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if shee would pin her to her heart, that shee might no more be in danger of loosing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this A&t was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by such was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettyest touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fish) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how shee came to't bravely confess'd, and lamented by the King) how attentivenesse wounded his Daughter, till (from one signe of dolour to another) shee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine say, bleed Teares; for I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most Marble, there changed colour: some swoynned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen't, the Woe had beene universall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princesse hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Master, *Julio Romano*, who (had he himselfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Custome, so perfectly he is her Ape: He so neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they say one would speake to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither (with all greedinesse of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought she had some great matter there in hand, for shee hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of *Hermione*, visited that removed House. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Rejoycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Accesse? every winke of an Eye, some new Grace will be borne: our Absence makes us unthrifitie to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the dash of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time over-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (so he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-sick, and himselfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Mysterie remained undiscover'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and alreadie appearing in the blossomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am past moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir.) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, because I was no Gentleman borne. See you these Clothes? say you see them not, and thinke me still no Gentleman borne: You were best say these Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Give me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentlemen borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and have been so any time these foure houres.

Shep. And so have I, Boy.

Clow. So you have: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princesse (my Sister) call'd my Father, Father; and so wee wept: and there was the first Gentleman-like teares that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live (Sonne) to shed many more.

Clow. I: or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worship, and to give me your good report to the Prince my Master.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we must be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worship.

Clow. Give me thy hand: I will sweare to the Prince, thou art as honest a true Fellow as any is in *Bobemia*.

Shep. You may say it, but not sweare it.

Clow. Not sweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins say it, Ile sweare it.

Shep. How if it be false (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're so false, a true Gentleman may sweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile sweare to the Prince thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile sweare it, and I would thou would'st be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes prove a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'st venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, trust me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to see the Queenes Picture. Come, follow us: wee'le be thy good Masters.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina:
Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords &c.*

Leo. O grave and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I have had of thee?

Paul. What (Soveraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well : all my Services
You have pay'd home. But that you have vouchsaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and these your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore House to visit ;
It is a surplus of your Grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble : but we came
To see the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities ; but we saw not
That which my Daughter came to looke upon,
The Statue of her Mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerelesse,
So her dead likenesse I doe well beleeve
Excels what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of Man hath done : therefore I keepe it
Lonely, apart. But here it is : prepare
To see the Life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still Sleepe mock'd Death : behold, and say 'tis well,
I like your silence, it the more shewes-off
Your wonder : but yet speake, first you (my Liege)
Comes it not something neere ?

Leo. Her naturall Posture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may say indeed
Thou art *Hermione* ; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding : for she was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seemes.

Pol. Oh, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our Carvers excellence,
Which lets goe-by some sixteene yeeres, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such Life of Majestie (warne Life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd : Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it ? Oh Royall Peece :
There's Magick in thy Majestie, which ha's
My Evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.

Perd. And give me leave,
And doe not say 'tis Superstition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Blessing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kisse.

Paul. O patience :
The Statue is but newly fix'd ; the Colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too sore lay'd-on,
Which sixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry : scarce any Joy
Did ever so long live ; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it selfe much sooner.

Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have powre
To take-off so much grieve from you, as he
Will peece up in himselfe.

Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poore Image
Would thus have wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
It'd not have shew'd it.

Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, least your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moves.

Leo. Let be, let be :
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd : and that those veines
Did verily beare blood ?

Pol. 'Masterly done :
The very Life seemes warme upon her Lippe.

Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.

Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine :
My Lord's almost so farre transported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues.

Leo. Oh sweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke so twentie yeeres together :
No settled Sences of the World can match
The pleasure of that madnesse. Let't alone.

Paul. I am sorry (Sir) I have thus farre stir'd you : but
I could afflict you farther.

Leo. Doe *Paulina* :
For this Affliction ha's a taste as sweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kisse her.

Paul. Good my Lord, forbear :
The ruddinesse upon her Lippe, is wet :
You'le marre it, if you kisse it ; stayne your owne
With Oyly Painting : shall I draw the Curtaine.

Leo. No : not these twentie yeeres.

Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the Chappell, or resolve you
For more amazement : if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue move indeed ; descend,

And take you by the hand : but then you'le thinke
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked Powers.

Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on : what to speake,
I am content to heare : for 'tis as easie
To make her speake, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith : then, all stand still :
On : those that thinke it is unlawfull Businesse
I am about, let them depart.

Leo. Proceed :
No foot shall stirre.

Paul. Musick ; awake her : Strike :
'Tis time : descend : be Stone no more : approach :
Strike all that looke upon with mervaille : Come :
Ile fill your Grave up : stirre : nay, come away :
Bequeath to Death your numnesse : (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceive she stirres :
Start not : her Actions shall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull : doe not shun her,
Untill you see her dye againe ; for then
You kill her double : Nay, present your Hand :
When she was young, you woo'd her : now, in age,
Is she become the Sutor ?

Leo. Oh, she's warme :
If this be Magick, let it be an Art
Lawfull as Eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If she pertaine to life, let her speake too.

Pol. I, and make it manifest where she ha's liv'd,
Or how stolne from the dead ?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old Tale : but it appeares she lives,
Though yet she speake not. Marke a little while :
Please you to interpose (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers blessing : turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.

Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your sacred Viols poure your graces
Upon my daughters head : Tell me (mine owne)
Where hast thou bin preserv'd? Where liv'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou shalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
My selfe, to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Least they desire (upon this push) to trouble
Your joyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all : your exultation
Partake to every one : I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's never to be found againe)
Lament, till I am lost.

Leo. O peace *Paulina* :
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou hast found mine,
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her
(As I thought) dead : and have (in vaine) said many
A prayer upon her grave. Ile not seeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty
Is richly noted : and heere justified
By Us, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke upon my Brother : both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy looks

My ill suspicion : This your Son-in-law,
 And Sonne unto the King, whom heavens directing
 Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
 Leade us from hence, where we may leysurely
 Each one demand, and answere to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, since first
 We were dissever'd : Hastily lead away.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors.

L *Leontes, King of Sicilia.*
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicilia.

<i>Camillo.</i>	}	<i>Four</i> <i>Lords of Sicilia.</i>
<i>Antigonus.</i>		
<i>Cleomines.</i>		
<i>Dion.</i>		

Hermione, Queene to Leontes.

Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

Paulina, wife to Antigonus.

Emilia, a Lady.

Polixenes, King of Bobemia.

Florizell, Prince of Bobemia.

Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clowne, his Sonne.

Autolicus, a Rogue.

Archidamus, a Lord of Bobemia.

Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Servants.

Shepheards, and Shephearddresses.

FINIS.



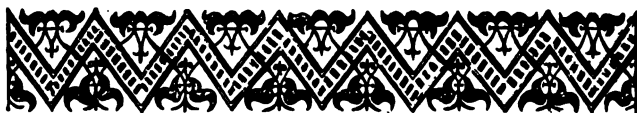


KING JOHN.

Act IV. Sc. 1.

HISTORIES.





The life and death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter King John, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury,
with the Chattyllion of France.*

King John.



Ow say *Chattillon*, what would *France* with us?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speakes the King of
France,

In my behaviour to the Majesty,
The borrowed Majesty of *England* heere.

Elea. A strange beginning : borrowed Majesty ?

K. John. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreyes* sonne,
Artbur Plantaginet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories :
To *Ireland*, *Poytiers*, *Anjoue*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which swaies usurpingly these severall titles,
And put the same into yong *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soveraigne.

K. John. What followes if we disallow of this ?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held.

K. Jo. Heere have we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement : so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France* ;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there :
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence : be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your owne decay :
An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke looke too't : farewell *Chatillion*.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Ele. What now my sonne, have I not ever said
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her sonne.
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of love,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must
With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more then your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my conscience whispers in your eare,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sberiffe.

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you
That ere I heard : shall I produce the men ?

K. John. Let them approach :
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
This expeditious charge : what men are you ?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subject, I a gentleman,
Borne in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest sonne

As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honor-giving-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou ?

Robert. The son and heire to that same *Faulconbridge*.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre ?

You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philp. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father :
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heaven, and to my mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame ? No, I have no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere :
Heaven guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow : why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance ?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land :
But once he alanderd me with bastardy :
But where I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be Judge your selfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him :
O old sir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here ?

Elin. He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :

Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large composition of this man ?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard* : sirra speake,
What doth move you to claime your brothers land.

Philp. Because he hath a half-face like my father :
With halfe that face would he have all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeere ?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time :
Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers ;
Where how he did prevaile, I shame to speake :
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lusty gentleman was got :
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his ;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time :
Then good my Liedge let me have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. John. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him :
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives : tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,

Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world :
Insooth he might : then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him : this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre must have your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land :
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eeleskins stuf, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might never stirre from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face :
It would not be sir nobbe in any case.

Elinor. I like thee well : wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance ;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere :
Madam, Ile follow you unto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our Country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name ?

Bast. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun.

Philip, good old Sir *Robert*'s wives eldest sonne.

K. John. From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest :

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, give me your hand,
My father gave me honor, yours gave land :
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Ele. The very spirit of *Plantagenet* :
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho ;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch :
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
And have is have, how ever men doe catch :
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, howere I was begot.

K. John. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire :
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but bastard.

Bast. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Joane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter* ;
For new made honor doth forget mens names :
'Tis two respective, and too sociable
For your conversion, now your traveller,

Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries : my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you ; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Absey booke :
O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service sir :
No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Saying in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perennean and the river *Pœ*,
It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipfull society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe ;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smoake of obseruation,
And so am I whether I smacke or no :
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement ;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceive,
Yet to avoid deceit I meane to learne ;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising :
But who comes in such haste in riding robes ?
What woman post is this ? hath she no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her ?
O me, 'tis my mother : how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court so hastily ?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy brother ? where is he ?
That holds in chase mine honour up and downe.

Bast. My brother *Robert*, old *Sir Roberts sonne* :
Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,
Is it *Sir Roberts sonne* that you seeke so ?

Lady. *Sir Roberts sonne*, I thou unreverend boy,
Sir Roberts sonne ? why scorn'st thou at *Sir Robert* ?
He is *Sir Roberts sonne*, and so art thou.

Bast. *James Gournie*, wilt thou give us leave a while ?

Gour. Good leave good *Philip*.

Bast.

Philip, sparrow, *James*,

There's toys abroad, anon Ile tell thee more. *Exit James.*

Madam, I was not old *Sir Roberts sonne*,
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good Friday, and nere broke his fast :
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me *sir Robert* could not doe it ;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes ?
Sir Robert never holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor ?
What meanes this scorne, thou most untoward knave ?

Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like :
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder :
But mother, I am not *Sir Roberts sonne*,
I have disclaim'd *Sir Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone ;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother ?

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge* ?

Bast. As faithfully as I denie the devill.

Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed :
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence

Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wish a better father :
Some sinnes doe beare their priviledge on earth,
And so doth yours : your fault, was not your follie,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose furie and unmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand :
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a womans : aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father :
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot
If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had beene sinne ;
Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say 'twas not.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin,
Austria, Constance, Artbur.*

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met brave *Austria*,
Artbur that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in *Palestine*,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave :
And for amends to his posteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnaturall Uncle, English *John*,

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hether.

Arth. God shall forgive you *Cordeliens* death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of warre :
I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right ?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zelous kisse,
As seale to this indenture of my love :
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou hast in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Even till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forreine purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,
To make a more requitall to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages :
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the Market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Lest unadvise'd you staine your swords with bloud,



My Lord *Chatillon* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we urge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.

Enter Chatillon.

King. A wonder Lady: lo upon thy wish
Our Messenger *Chatillon* is arriv'd,
What *England* saies, say breiefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, *Chatillon* speake.

Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them up against a mightier taske:
England impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the adverse winds
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the *Murther Queene*,
An Ace stirring him to blood and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Bastard of the *Kinges* descent,
And all th'unsettled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery valiant,
With Ladies *Savoy*, and her *Argonne* playmates,
Have sold their fortunes or their nation names,
Bearing their birth-right proudly in their backs,
To make a hazard of some Christian name
In briefe, a heavier charge of Antient blood
Then ever the *English* names were met with,
Did never see nor he swelling tide,
To doe offence nor make a *Countersigne*:
The interruption of their churlish traine
Cuts off some *Countesses* here on a hand,
To partie or to fight, therefore *proceede*.

From hence.

Kin. How much unlook'd for, is this expedition.

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake indevor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter K. of England, Bastard, Quene, Blanch, Pembroke,
and others.*

K. John. Peace be to *France*: If France in peace permit
Our just and lineall entrance to our owne ;
If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace :
England we love, and for that *Englands* sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweat :
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine ;
But thou from loving *England* art so farre,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-fac'd Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne :
Looke heere upon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his ;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey* : and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume :
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God :
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission *France*,

To draw my answer from thy Articles?

Fra. From that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any breast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and staines of right,
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alack thou dost usurpe authoritie.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat usurping downe.

Queen. Who is it thou dost call usurper *France*?

Const. Let me make answer : thy usurping sonne.

Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.

Con. My bed was ever to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or devill to his damme ;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father never was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Aust. What the devill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the devill sir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone :
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard ;
Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as sightly on the backe of him,
As great *Alcides* shooes upon an *Asse* :
But *Asse*, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath ?

King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.

King John, this is the very summe of all :

England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,

In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee :

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy *Armes* ?

John. My life as soone : I doe defie thee *France*,

Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,

And out of my deere love Ile give thee more,

Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win ;

Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Cons. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,

Give grandame kingdome, and yt grandame will

Give yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,

There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,

I would that I were low laid in my grave,

I am not worth this coyle that's made for me.

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee weepes.

Con. Now shame upon you where she does or no.

His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames

Drawes those heaven-moving pearles from his poor eies,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee :

I, with these Christall beads heaven shall be brib'd

To doe him Justice, and revenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth.

Con. Thou monstrous Injurer of heaven and earth,

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurpe

The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy ; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee :
Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sinne-conceiving wombe.

John. Bedlam have done.

Con. I have but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne : his injury
Her injurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Que. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.

Con. I who doubts that, a Will : a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.

Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill becommes this presence to cry ayme
To these ill tuned repetitions :
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let us heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Johns*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walles ?

Fra. 'Tis France, for England.

John. England for it selfe :
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

Fra. You loving men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John. For our advantage, therefore heare us first :
These flagges of France that are advanced heere
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles :
All preparation for a bloody siedge
And merciles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort your Citties eies, your winking gates :
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin dishabited, and wide havocke made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes :
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now instead of bulletts wrapt in fire
To make a shaking fever in your walles,
They shoote but calme words, folded up in smoake,
To make a faithlesse error in your eares,
Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizena,
And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,
Craves harbourage within your Citie walles.

France. When I have saide, make answer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enjoys :

For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,
In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up :
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against th'invulnerable clouds of heaven,
And with a blessed and un-vext retyre,
With unhack'd swords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
We will beare home that lustie blood againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference :
Then tell us, Shall your Citie call us Lord,
In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it ?
Or shall we give the signall to our rage,
And stalke in blood to our possession ?

Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands subjects.
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not : but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyall, till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, proove the King ?
And if not that, I bring you Witnesses
Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed

Bast. Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their lives.

Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as those.

Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the sinne of all those soules,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.

Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Armes.

Bast. Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore,
Teach us some sence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide :
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble : for you heare the Lyon rore.

John. Up higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand. God and our right. *Exeunt.*

*Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets
to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground :
Many a widdowes husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,

And victorie with little losse doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and youra.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Her. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King *John*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armourers that march'd hence so silver bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood :
There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
That is removed by a staffe of France.
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth :
And like a jolly troope of Huntsmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and give the Victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retyre
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured :
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answerd blowes :
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like :
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our Towne for neither : yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at severall doors.

John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
Say, shall the currant of our right rome on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channell, and ore-swell

With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unlesse thou let his silver Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swayes the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our just-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom these Armes wee beare,
Or adde a royall number to the dead :
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha Majesty : how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire :
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele.
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus :
Cry havocke kings, backe to the stained field
You equall Potenta, fierie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace : till then, blowes, blood, and death.

John. Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit ?

Fra. Speeke Citizens for England, whose your king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in us, that heere hold up his right.

John. In Us, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare possession of our Person heere,
Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do locke
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates :
Kings of our feare, untill our feares resolv'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conjoyntly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their soule-fearing clamours have brav'd downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incessantly upon these Jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre :
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe.
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point :
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kisae him with a glorious victory :
How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
Smackes it not something of the policie.

John. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it ?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish Towne :
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke upon our selves, for heaven or hell.

Fra. Let it be so : say, where will you assault ?

John. We from the West will send destruction
Into this Cities bosome.

Aust. I from the North.

Fran. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Bast. O prudent discipline ! from North to South :
Austria and France shoot in each others mouth,
Ile stirre them to it : Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare us great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league :
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to dye in beds,
That heere comes sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but heare me mighty kings.

John. Speake on with favour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to England, looke upon the yeeres
Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that lovely maid.
If lustie love should go in quest of beautie,
Where should he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch* :
If zealous love should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in *Blanch* ?
If love ambitious, sought a match of birth,
Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch* ?
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat,
If not compleat of, say he is not shee,
And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not hee :
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as shee,
And she a faire divided excellence,
Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
O two such silver currents when they joyne

Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in :
And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them :
This Union shall do more then batterie can
To our fast closed gates : for at this match,
With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance : but without this match,
The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himselfe
In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Bast. Heeres a stay,
That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue :
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fist of France :
Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match
Give with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy shall have no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.
I see a yeelding in the lookes of France :
Marke how they whisper, urge them while their soules

Are capeable of this ambition,
Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why answer not the double Majesties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.

Fra. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
To speake unto this Cittie : what say you ?

John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I love :
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene :
For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine*, *Maine*, *Poytiers*,
And all that we upon this side the Sea,
(Except this Cittie now by us besiegd'd)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.

Fra. What sai'st thou boy ? looke in the Ladies face.

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow :
I do protest I never lov'd my selfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whispers with Blanch.

Bast. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
Himselfe loves traytor, this is pittie now ;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a love, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My unckles will in this respect is mine.
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he see's which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will :
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easlie to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthie love,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should bee your Judge,
That I can finde, should merit any hate.

John. What saie these yong-ones? What say you my Neece?

Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you love this Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from love,
For I doe love her most unfainedly.

John. Then do I give *Volquessen, Toraine, Maine,*
Poytiers, and *Anjou,* those five Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy sonne and daughter to joyne hands.

Fra. It likes us well young Princes : close your hands.

Aust. And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angiers ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you have made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie *Constance* in this troope?
I know she is not for this match made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?

Dol. She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadnesse very little cure :
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, have turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.

John. We will heale up all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity : I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hast will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pompe.

Exeunt.

Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition :
John to stop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
With that same purpose-changer, that slye divel,
That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who having no externall thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie.
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is poyssed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground :
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commoditie,

Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolv'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet :
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no sin but to be rich :
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggerie :
Since Kings breake faith upon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Constance, Arthure, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
False blood to false blood joyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* have *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* those Provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard,
Be well advis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man :
Beleeve me, I doe not beleeve thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrarie.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, subject to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares ;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but jest
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head ?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne ?
What meanes that hand upon that breast of thine ?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhowme,
Like a proud river peering ore his bounds ?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words ?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeeve you thinke them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeeve this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.

Lewes marry *Blaunch* ? O boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me ?
Fellow be gone : I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harme have I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done ?

Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beseech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidst me be content, were grim ;
Ugly, and slanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of displeasing blots, and sightlesse staines

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourelly with thine Uncle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soveraigntie,
And made his Majestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John* :
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
To me and to the state of my great greefe,
Let kings assemble : for my greefe's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrowes sit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

*Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Eleanor, Philip,
Austria, Constance.*

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festivall :
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deserv'd ? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender ?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury,
Or if it must stand still, let wives with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost :
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made ;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it ælfe to hollow falshood change.

Fra. By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day :
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proves valuelesse : you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre

Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :
 Arme, arme, you heavens, against these perjur'd Kings,
 A widdow cries, be husband to me (heavens)
 Let not the howres of this ungodly day
 Weare out the daies in Peace ; but ere Sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings,
 Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre :
 O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame
 That bloudy spoyle : thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
 Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
 Thou ever strong upon the stronger side ;
 Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st never fight
 But when her humourous Ladiship is by
 To teach thee safety : thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
 A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
 Upon my partie : thou cold blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
 And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbes.

Aus. O that a man should speake those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aus. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbs.

John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heaven ;

To thee King *John* my holy errand is :
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne ; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Arshbishop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea :
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

John. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King ?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope :
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian Priest*
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions.
But as we, under heaven, are supream head,
So under him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone uphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand :
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.

John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curæ that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe :
Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
This jugling witchcraft with revennue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegiance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course,
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I have roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Cons. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of *France* upon his head,
Unlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.

Elea. Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Looke to that Devill, lest that *France* repent,
And by disjoyning hands hell lose a soule.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinall.

Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because,

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

John. *Philip*, what saist thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend :
Forgoe the easier.

Bla. That's the curse of *Rome*.

Con. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the devill tempts thee heere
In likenesse of a new untrimmed Bride.

Bla. The Lady *Constance* speakes not from her faith,
But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lives but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would live againe by death of need :
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts up,
Keepe my need up, and faith is trodden downe.

John. The king is movd, and answers not to this.

Con. O be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Doe so king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calves skin most sweet lout.

Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more ?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst ?

Fra. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your selfe ?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward soules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vowes,
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true love
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine up of peace,
Heaven knowes they were beamear'd and over-staind
With slaughters pencill ; where revenge did paint

The fearefull difference of incensed kings :
 And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud ?
 So newly joyn'd in love ? so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete ?
 Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of our selves
 As now againe to snatch our palme from palme :
 Un-sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
 And make a ryot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity ? O holy Sir
 My reverend father, let it not be so ;
 Out of your grace, devise, ordaine, impose
 Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
 To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
 Save what is opposite to *Englands* love.
 Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
 Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
 A mothers curse, on her revolting sonne :
France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A cased Lion by the mortall paw,
 A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
 Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fra. I may dis-joyne my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
 And like a civill warre setst oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
 That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
 What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,
 And may not be performed by thy selfe,
 For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
 Is not amisse when it is truly done :
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it :
The better Act of purposes mistooke,
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd :
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou hast sworne against religion :
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,
Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare ?
But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,
And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe :
And better conquest never canst thou make,
Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions :
Upon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despaire, dye under their blacke weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat Rebellion.

Bast.

Wil't not be ?

Will not a Calves-skin stop that mouth of thine ?

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Blanch.

Upon thy wedding day ?

Against the blood that thou hast married ?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men ?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums

Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp ?

O husband heare me : aye, alacke, how new

Is husband in my mouth ? even for that name
Which till this time my tongue did here pronounce ;
Upon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Against mine Uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Dauphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heaven.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife ?

Con. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.

Dolph. I muse your Majesty doth seeme so cold,
When such profound respects doe pull you on ?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall from thee.

Const. O faire returne of banish'd Majestie.

Elea. O foule revolt of French inconstancy.

Eng. France, thou shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Bar. Old Time the clocke setter, that bald sexton Time :
Is it as he will ? well then, *France* shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's orecast with blood : faire day adieu,
Which is the side that I must goe withall ?

I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle a-sunder, and dismember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne :
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose :
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine :
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :
Who ever wins, on that side shall I lose :
Assured losse, before the match be plaid.

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

John. Cosen, goe draw our puisance together,
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,

A rage, whose heat hath this condition ;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereat valued bloud of *France*.

Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee up, & thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Looke to thy selfe, thou art in jeopardie.

John. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts hie.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Alarums, Excursions : Enter Bastard with Austria's head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Devill hovers in the skie,
And pour's downe mischief. *Austrias* head lye there,

Enter John, Arbur, Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.

John. Hubert, keepe this boy : *Philip* make up,
My Mother is assayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare.

Bast. My Lord I rescued her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not :
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end.

Exit.

*Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter John, Eleanor, Arbur,
Bastard, Hubert, Lords.*

John. So shall it be : your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded : Cosen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Unkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arb. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

John. Cosen away for *England*, haste before,

And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells
Set at libertie : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :
Use our Commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highnesse : Grandame, I will pray,
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety : so I kisse your hand.

Ele. Farewell gentle Cosen.

John. Coz, farewell.

Ele. Come hether little kinaman, harke, a worde.

John. Come hether *Hubert*, O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much : within this wall of flesh
There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,
And with advantage meanes to pay thy love :
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosome, deerely cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heaven *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have : and creepe time nere so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it goe :
The Sunne is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To give me audience : If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night :
If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs :
 Or if that surly spirit melancholy
 Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,
 Which else runnes tickling up and downe the veines,
 Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
 And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
 A passion hatefull to my purposes :
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words :
 Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,
 I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts :
 But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
 And by my troth I thinke thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,
 By heaven I would doe it.

John. Do not I know thou wouldst ?
 Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
 On yon young boy : Ile tell thee what my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way,
 And wheresoere this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And Ile keepe him so,
 That he shall not offend your Majesty.

John. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

John. A Grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I love thee.
 Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee :
 Remember : Madam, Fare you well,

He send those powers o're to your Majesty.

Ele. My blessing goe with thee.

Joba.

For *England* Cosen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you

With al true ductie : On toward *Callice*, ho.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolbin, Pandulpbo, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted saile
Is scattered aud dis-joyn'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne so ill ?
Are we not beaten ? Is not *Angiers* lost ?

Arthur tane prisoner ? divers deere friends slaine ?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France* ?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified :
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example : who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this ?

Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame :

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes heere ? a grave unto a soule,
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,
In the vilde prison of afflicted breath :
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo ; now : now see the issue of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance*.

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,

But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse :
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous stench : sound rottennesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring these fingers with thy houshold wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe :
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,
And busse thee as thy wife : Miseries Love,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne Invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madnesse, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad : this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my sonne, and he is lost :
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe :
O, if I could, what grieve should I forget ?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe :
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he ;
I am not mad : too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde up those tresses : O what love I note
In the faire multitude of those her haire ;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath falne,
Even to that drop ten thousand wieri fiends
Doe glew themselves in sociable grieffe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loves,
Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To *England*, if you will.

Fra. Binde up your haire.

Con. Yes that I will : and wherefore will I do it ?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
As they have given these hayres their libertie :
But now I envie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore childe is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinall, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy againe ;
For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male-childe
To him that did but yesterday aspire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne :
But now will Canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And so hee'll dye : and rising so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never,
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of greefe.

Const. He talkes to me, that never had a sonne.

Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.

Con. Greefe fills the roome up of my absent childe :

Lies in his bed, walkes up and downe with me,

Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts,

Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme :

Then, have I reason to be fond of griefe ?

Fareyouwell : had you such a losse as I,

I could give better comfort then you doe.

I will not keepe this forme upon my head,

When there is such disorder in my witte :

O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world :

My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Exit.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her.

Exit.

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy,

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,

Vexing the dull care of a drowsie man ;

And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,

That it yeelds nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,

Even in the instant of repaire and health,

The fit is strongest : Evils that take leave

On their departure, most of all shew evill :

What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Dol. All daies of glory, joy, and happinesse.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no : when Fortune meanes to men most good,

Shee lookes upon them with a threatning eye :

'Tis strange to thinke how much King *John* hath lost

In this which he accounts so clearly wonne :

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner ?

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.

Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit :

For even the breath of what I meane to speake,
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke :
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
 That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
 The mis-plac'd-*John* should entertaine an houre,
 One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
 A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
 And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
 Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him up :
 That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Dol. But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall ?

Pan. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
 May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.

Dol. And loose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world ?
John layes you plots : the times conspire with you,
 For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,
 Shall finde but bloodie safety, and untrue.
 This Act so evilly borne shall coole the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeale,
 That none so small advantage shall step forth
 To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
 No naturall exhalation in the skie,
 No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common winde, no customed event,
 But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
 And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
 Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
 But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
Even at that newes he dies : and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of unacquainted change,
And picke strong matter of revolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John*.
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot ;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I have nam'd. The Bastard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity : If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thousand English to their side ;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
For England go ; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strange actions : let us go,
If you say I, the King will not say no.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
Fast to the chaire : be heedfull : hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples feare not you : looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, having so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be : you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have beene merrier.

Art. 'Mercie on me :

Me thinkes no body should be sad but I :
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse : by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as merry as the day is long :
And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Uncle practises more harme to me :
He is affraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* sonne ?
No in deede is't not : and I would to heaven
I were your sonne, so you would love me, *Hubert* :

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke *Hubert* ? you looke pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a little sicke,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more then you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.
Reade heere yong *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume ?
Turning dispiteous torture out of doore ?
I must be breefe, least resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
Can you not reade it ? Is it not faire writ ?

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Art. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Art. Have you the heart ? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)
And I did never aske it you againe :
And with my hand, at midnight held your head ;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
Saying, what lacke you ? and where lies your greefe ?
Or what good love may I performe for you ?
Many a poore mans sonne would have lyen still,
And nere have spoke a loving word to you :
But you, at your sicke service had a Prince :
Nay, you may thinke my love was craftie love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes ?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I have sworne to do it :
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it :
The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye :
Are you more stubborne-hard, then hammer'd Iron ?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleev'd him : no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth : Do as I bid you do.

Art. O save me *Hubert*, save me : my eyes are out
Even with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.

Art. Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough ?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still :
For heaven sake *Hubert* let me not be bound :
Nay heare me *Hubert*, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke upon the Iron angerly :
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgive you,
What ever torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within : let me alone with him.

Exec. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Art. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart :
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your ælfe.

Art. Is there no remedie ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heaven : that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sense :
Then feeling what small things are boysterous there,
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? Go too, hold your toong.

Art. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue : let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Art. No, in good sooth : the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserved extreames : See else your selfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert* :
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes :
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office : onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking usea.

Hub. Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Unckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu,
Your Unckle must not know but you are dead,
He fill these dogged Spies with false reports :
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heaven ! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more ; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.

John. Heere once againe we sit : once against crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous : you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off :
The faiths of men, nere stained with revolt :
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before ;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly ;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smoothe the yce, or adde another hew
Unto the Raine-bow ; or with Taper-light
To seeke the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde unto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration :
Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen strive to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in covetousnesse,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,

Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse :
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell : but it pleas'd your Highnes
To over-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

Job. Some reasons of this double Corronation
I have possest you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
I shall indue you with : Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them : but chiefe of all
Your safety : for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occasions : let it be our suite,
That you have bid us aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,

Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale : he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

John. Let it be so : I do commit his youth
To your direction : *Hubert*, what newes with you ?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed :
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his eye : that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleieve 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death.

John. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is living,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke :
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Job. Why do you bend such solemne browes on me ?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny ?
Have I commandement on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it ;
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (*Lord Salisbury*) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,

His little kingdome of a forced grave.
 That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
 Three foot of it doth hold ; bad world the while ;
 This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
 To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

*Exeunt.**Enter Mes.*

Jo. They burn in indignation : I repent :
 There is no sure foundation set on blood :
 No certaine life atchiev'd by others death :
 A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
 That I have seene inhabite in those cheekes ?
 So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
 Poure downe thy weather : how goes all in France ?

Mes. From France to England, never such a powre
 For any forraigne preparation,
 Was levied in the body of a land.
 The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them :
 For when you should be told they do prepare,
 The tydings comes, that they are all arriv'd.

Job. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke ?
 Where hath it slept ? Where is my Mothers eare ?
 That such an Army could be drawne in France,
 And she not heare of it ?

Mes. My Liege, her eare
 Is stopt with dust : the first of Aprill di'de
 Your noble mother ; and as I heare, my Lord,
 The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de
 Three dayes before : but this from Rumors tongue
 I idely heard : if true, or false I know not.

John. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion :
 O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
 My discontented Peeres. What ? Mother dead ?
 How wildely then walkes my Estate in France ?
 Under whose conduct came those powres of France,
 That thou for truth giv'st out are landed heere ?

Mes. Under the Dolphin.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Job. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings : Now ? What sayes the world
To your proceedings ? Do not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes : for it is full.

Bast. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst un-heard, fall on your head.

John. Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide ; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I have collected shall expresse :
But as I travail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Possesst with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles :
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliver up your Crowne.

John. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so ?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

John. Hubert, away with him : imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld up my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to safety, and returne,
For I must use thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriv'd ?

Bast. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it :
Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisbury*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,

And others more, going to seeke the grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your suggestion.

John. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,
I have a way to winne their loves againe :
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seeke them out.

John. Nay, but make haste : the better foote before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout invasion.
Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

Exit.

John. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him : for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.

John. My mother dead ?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were seene to night :
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about
The other foure, in wondrous motion.

Job. Five Moones ?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie upon it dangerously :
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with noda, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)

The whilst his Iron did on the Anvile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, unwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.

Jo. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why urgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him. I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not provoke me?

John. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To understand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frownes
More upon humor, then advis'd respect.

Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.

Job. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heaven & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,

Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord.

Job. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed :
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words :
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might have wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst understand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more :
My Nobles leave me, and my State is braved,
Even at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres ;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hostilitie, and civill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies :

Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosome, never entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.

John. Doth *Arthur* live ? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made

Upon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
 And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
 Oh, answer not ; but to my Closset bring,
 The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,
 I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
 Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not :
 There's few or none do know me, if they did,
 This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it,
 If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
 Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away ;
 As good to dye, and go ; as dye, and stay.
 Oh me, my Unckles spirit is in these stones,
 Heaven take my soule, and England keep my bones.

Dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury*,
 It is our safetie, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall ?

Sal. The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France,
 Whose private with me of the Dolphines love,
 Is much more generall, then these lines import.

Big. To morrow morning let us meete him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
 Two long dayes journey (Lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest himselfe of us,
We will not lyne his thin-bestained cloake
With our pure Honors : nor attend the foote
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him so : we know the worst.

Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were best.

Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priviledge.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lyes heere ?

P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.

Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you ? you have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke ?
Or do you almost thinke, although you see,
That you do see ? Could thought, without this object
Forme such another ? This is the very top,
The heighth, the Crest : or Crest unto the Crest
Of murthers Armes : This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the teares of soft remorse.

Pem. All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this :
And this so sole, and so unmatcheable,
Shall give a holinesse, a puritie,

To the yet unbegotten sinne of times ;
And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a jest,
Exampled by this heynous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracelesse action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand ?
We had a kinde of light, what would ensue :
It is the shamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king :
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow :
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with Ease, and Idlenesse,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of Revenge.
Pem. Big. Our soules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the king hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Avant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone.

Hu. I am no villaine.

Sal. Must I rob the Law ?

Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it up againe.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say :
By heaven, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.
I would not have you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence ;
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget

Your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill : dar'st thou brave a Nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub.

Do not prove me so :

Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truely speakes : who speakes not truely, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peeces.

Bast.

Keepe the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the divell *Salsbury*.

If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hastie spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or Ile so maule you, and your toasting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the divell is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge* ?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer ?

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Big.

Who kill'd this Prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his sweete lives losse.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villaine is not without such rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme
Like Rivers of remorse and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
Th'uncleanly savours of a Slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.

P. There tel the king, he may enquire us out. *Ex. Lords.*

Ba. Here's a good world : knew you of this faire work ?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,

(If thou didst this deed of death) art thou damn'd *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but heare me sir.

Bast.

Ha? Ile tell thee what,

Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,

Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer :

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell

As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Upon my soule.

Bast.

If thou didst but consent

To this most cruell Act : do but dispaire,

And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred

That ever Spider twisted from her wombe

Will serve to strangle thee : A rush will be a beame

To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,

Put but a little water in a spoone,

And it shall be as all the Ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villaine up.

I do suspect thee very greevously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,

Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,

Let hell want paines enough to torture me :

I left him well.

Bast.

Go, beare him in thine armes :

I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way

Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How easie dost thou take all *England* up,

From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie ?

The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme

Is fled to heaven : and *England* now is left

To tug and scramble, and to part by th'teeth

The un-owed interest of proud swelling State :

Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,

Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,

And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :

Now Powers from home, and discontents at hom
Meet in one line : and vast confusion waites
As doth a Raven on a sicke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed : Ile to the King :
A thousand businesses are brieft in hand,
And heaven it selfe doth frowne upon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yeelded up into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soveraigne greatnesse and authoritie.

John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holinesse use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd :
Our discontented Counties doe revolt :
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of soule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty ;
This inundation of mistempred humor,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not : for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incureable ensue.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest up,
Upon your stubborne usage of the Pope :
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,

And make faire weather in your blustering land :

On this Ascension day, remember well,

Upon your oath of service to the Pope,

Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armea.

Exit.

John. Is this Ascension day : did not the Prophet

Say, that before Ascension day at noone,

My Crowne I should give off? even so I have :

I did suppose it should be on constraint,

But (heav'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yeelded : nothing there holds out

But Dover Castle : London hath receiv'd

Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.

Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy :

And wilde amazement hurries up and downe

The little number of your doubtfull friends.

John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe

After they heard yong *Arbur* was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,

An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life

By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

John. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew :

But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?

Be great in act, as you have beene in thought :

Let not the world see feare and sad distrust

Governe the motion of a kinglye eye :

Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,

Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow

Of bragging horror : So shall inferior eyes

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre
 When he intendeth to become the field:
 Show boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
 What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
 Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
 To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
 And grapple with him ere he come so nye.
John. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
 And I have made a happy peace with him,
 And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
 Led by the Dolphin.

Bast. Oh inglorious league:
 Shall we upon the footing of our land,
 Send fayre-play-orders and make compromise,
 Insinuation, parley, and base truce
 To Armes Invasive? Shall a beardlesse boy,
 A cockred-silken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,
 Mocking the ayre with colours idly spred,
 And finde no cheeke? Let us my Liege to Armes:
 Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
 Or if he doe, let it at least be said
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then with good courage: yet, I know
 Our Partie may well meet a powder foe.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

*Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Melloone, Pembroke,
 Bigot, Souldiers.*

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be copied out,
 And keepe it safe for our remembrance:

Returne the president to those Lords againe,
That having our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken,
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an un-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings : yet beleeeve me Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of Time
Should seeke a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heale the inveterate Canker of one wound,
By making many : Oh it grieves my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker : oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne Injustice, and confused wrong :
And is't not pittie, (oh my grieved friends)
That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her Enemies rankes ? I must withdraw, and weepe
Upon the spot of this inforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours heere :
What heere ? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine

The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Dolpb. A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrastling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
Between compulsion, and a brave respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progresse on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This showre, blowne up by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I seene the vaultie top of heaven
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisburie*)
And with a great heart heave away this storme:
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As *Lewis* himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in,

That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome :
Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde up,
And tame the savage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in shewe.

Del. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe :
I am too high-borne to be proportied
To be a secondary at controll,
Or usefull serving-man, and Instrument
To any Sovereigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that same weake winde which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this Land,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome* ? what is that peace to me ?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome* ?
Am I *Romes* slave ? What penny hath *Rome* borne ?
What men provided ? What munition sent
To under-prop this Action ? Is't not I
That under-goe this charge ? Who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre ?
Have I not heard these Islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Townes ?
Have I not heere the best Cards for the game

To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne ?
And shall I now give ore the yeelded Set ?
No, no, on my soule it never shall be said.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre ;
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Even in the jawes of danger, and of death.
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon us ?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience : I am sent to speake :
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you have dealt for him :
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intreaties :
He flatly saies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.

Bast. By all the bloud that ever fury breath'd,
The youth saies well. Now heare our *English* King,
For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me :
He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd Maske, and unadvised Revell,
This un-heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch

To dive like Buckets in concealed Welles,
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
 To lye like pawnes, lock'd up in chests and trunks,
 To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,
 Even at the crying of your Nations crow,
 Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
 That in your Chambers gave you chastisement?
 No : know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
 And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
 To sowse annoyance that comes neere his Nest :
 And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
 You bloody Nero's, ripping up the wombe
 Of your deere Mother-England : blush for shame :
 For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides,
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes :
 Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
 Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,
 We grant thou canst out-scold us : Far thee well,
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabler.

Pan. Give me leave to speake.

Bast. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther :
 Strike up the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
 Plead for our interest, and our being heere.

Bast. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out ;
 And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
 An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
 And even at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
 That shall reverberate all, as lowd as thine.
 Sound but another, and another shall

(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder : for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *John* : and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike up our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with us ? oh tell me *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly I feare ; how fares your Majesty ?

John. This Feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavie on me : oh, my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord : your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Majestie to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

John. Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort : for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselves.

John. Aye me, this tyrant Feaver burnes mee up,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsted* : to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once againe : put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry : we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten divell *Falconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King *John* sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Unthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King *John*, and fall before his feete :
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Upon the Altar at *S. Edmondsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must loose the use of all deceite :
Why should I then be false, since it is true

That I must dye heere, and live hence, by Truth ?
I say againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East :
But even this night, 'whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives :
If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King ;
The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field ;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace : and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do beleewe thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I do love the favour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leaving our ranknesse and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we have ore-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arme shall give thee helpe to beare thee hence,
For I do see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newnesse, that intends old right.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Train.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set ;
But staid, and made the Western Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire : Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin ?

Dol. Heere : what newes ?

Mes. The Count *Meloone* is slaine : The English Lords
By his perswasion, are againe falne off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* sands.

Dol. Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very hart :
I did not thinke to be so sad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did flie an houre or two before
The stumbling night did part our wearie powres ?

Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well : keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be up so soone as I,
To try the faire adventure of to morrow.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.

Hub. Whose there ? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or I
shoote.

Bast. A friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,

As well as thou of mine?

Bast. *Hubert*, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will upon all hazards well beleve

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please

Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke

I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,

Have done me shame: Brave Soldier, pardon me,

That any accent breaking from thy tongue,

Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement. What newes abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Bast. Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not s wound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolved villaine
Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majestie.

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to beare above our power.
He tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These Lincolne-Washes have devoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.

Exeunt.

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleeffe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; even now he sung.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselves.

Death having praide upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisible, and his seige is now
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Counfound themselves. 'Tis strange that death shold sing :
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

John brought in.

John. I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,
It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
Upon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke up.

Hen. How fares your Majesty ?

Job. Poyson'd, ill fare : dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdomes Rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosome : nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort : and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releve you.

John. The salt in them is hot.

Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreevable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speede, to see your Majesty.

John. Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should saile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire :
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be uttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the *Washes* all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord : but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay ?

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath bene thy servant still.
Now, now you Starres, that move in your right ~~spheres~~,
Where be your powres ? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.
To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land :

Straight let us seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love wee make
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kinde soule, that would give thanks,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time : but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes.
This England never did, nor never shall

Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shooke them : Naught shall make us rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true.

Exeunt.

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2

3



KING RICHARD II.

Act IV. Sc. I.



The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

*Enter King Richard, John of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.*

King Richard.



Ed John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold son :
Heere to make good the boistrous late appeale,

Which then our leysure would not let us heare,
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray* ?

Gaunt. I have my Liege.

King. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good subject should
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger scene in him,
Aym'd at your Highnesse, no inveterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our selves will heare
Th'accuser, and the accused, freely speake ;
High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea ; hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Sovereaigne, my most loving Liege.

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Untill the heavens envying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Coosin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Bul. First, heaven be the record to my speech,
In the devotion of a subjects love,
Tendering the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely presence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soule answer it in heaven.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,
The uglier seeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foule Traitors name stuffe I thy throte,
And wish (so please my Sovereaigne) ere I move,
What my tong speaks, my right drawn sword may prove.

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuse my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twaine:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,

As to be husht, and nought at all to say.
 First the faire reverence of your Highnesse curbes mee,
 From giving reines and spurres to my free speech,
 Which elæ would post, untill it had return'd
 These tearmes of treason, doubly downe his throat.
 Setting aside his high bloods royalty,
 And let him be no Kinsman to my Liege,
 I do defie him, and I spit at him,
 Call him a slanderous Coward, and a Villaine :
 Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
 And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foote.
 Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
 By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
 And lay aside my high bloods Royalty,
 Which feare, not reverence makes thee to except.
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine Honors pawne, then stoope.
 By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood else,
 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
 What I have spoken, or thou canst devise.

Mow. I take it up, and by that sword I sweare,
 Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my shoulder,
 Ile answer thee in any faire degree,
 Or Chivalrous designe of knightly triall :
 And when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be Traitor, or unjustly fight.

King. What doth our Cosin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?
 It must be great that can inherite us,
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I said, my life shall prove it true,

That *Mowbray* hath receiv'd eight thousand Nobles,
 In name of lendings for your Highnesse Soldiers,
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
 Like a false Traitor, and injurious Villaine.
 Besides I say, and will in battaile prove,
 Of heere, or elsewhere to the furthest Verge
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,
 That all the Treasons for these eightene yeeres
 Complotted, and contrived in this Land,
 Fetch'd from false *Mowbray* their first head and spring.
 Further I say, and further will maintaine
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,
 That he did plot the Duke of Glousters death,
 Suggest his soone beleeving adversaries,
 And consequently, like a Traitor Coward,
 Sluc'd out his innocent soule through streames of blood :
 Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels* cries,
 (Even from the toonglesse cavernes of the earth)
 To me for justice, and rough chasticement :
 And by the glorious worth of my discent,
 This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares :
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayest thou to this ?

Mow. O let my Soveraigne turne away his face,
 And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood,
 How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyar.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
 Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
 As he is but my fathers brothers sonne ;
 Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
 Such neighbour-neerenesse to our sacred blood,
 Should nothing priviledge him, nor partialize
 The un-stooping firmenesse of my upright soule.
 He is our subject (*Mowbray*) so art thou,

Free speech, and fearelesse, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat ; thou lyeest :
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his Highnesse souldiers ;
The other part reserv'd I by consent,
For that my Sovereigne Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene :
Now swallow downe that Lye. For Glousters death,
I slew him not ; but (to mine owne disgrace)
Neglected my sworne duty in that case :
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaster*,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my grieved soule :
But ere I last receiv'd the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault : as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traitor,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Upon this over-weening Traitors foote,
To prove my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosome.
In hast whereof, most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me :
Let's purge this choller without letting blood :
This we prescribe, though no Physition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision.
Forget, forgive, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors say, This is no time to bleed.

Some of those seven are dride by natures course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
 But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouster,
 One Violl full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
 Is hackt downe, and his summer leases all vaded
 By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
 Ah *Gaunt* ! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
 That mettle, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
 Made him a man : and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slaine in him : thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother dye,
 Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
 Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is dispaire,
 In suff'ring thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching sterne murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in meane men we intitle patience
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts :
 What shall I say, to safegard thine owne life,
 The best way is to venge my Glousters death.

Gaunt. Heavens is the quarrel : for heavens substitute
 His Deputy annoited in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
 Let heaven revenge : for I may never lift
 An angry arme against his Minister.

Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my selfe ?

Gau. To heaven, the widdowes Champion to defence.

Dut. Why then I will farewell old *Gaunt*.

Thou go'st to Coventrie, there to behold
 Our Cosine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight :
 O sit my husbands wrongs on Herfords speare,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes brest :

Or if misfortune misse the first carriere,
 Be Mowbrayes sinnes so heavy in his bosome,
 That they may breake his foaming Coursers backe,
 And throw the Rider headlong in the Lists,
 A Caytiffe recreant to my Cosine Herford :
 Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes brothers wife
 With her companion Greefe, must end her life.

Gau. Sister farewell : I must to Coventree,
 As much good stay with thee, as go with mee.

Dut. Yet one word more : Greefe boundeth where it falls,
 Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight :
 I take my leave, before I have begun,
 For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
 Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.
 Loe this is all : nay, yet depart not so,
 Though this be all, do not so quickly go,
 I shall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
 With all good speed at Plashie visit mee.
 Alacke, and what shall good old Yorke there see
 But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walles,
 Un-peopel'd Offices, untroden stones ?
 And what heare there for welcome, but my grones ?
 Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
 To seeke out sorrow, that dwels every where :
 Desolate, desolate will I hence, and dye,
 The last leave of thee, takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marshall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* arm'd.

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, sprightly and bold,
 Stays but the summons of the Appealants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Majesties approach. *Flourish.*

*Enter King, Gaunt, Busby, Bagot, Greene, & others :
Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.*

Rich. Marshall, demand of yonder Champion
The cause of his arrivall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in Armes?
Against what man thou com'st, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As so defend thee heaven, and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heaven defend a knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford, that appeales me :
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prove him (in defending of my selfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marshall : Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre :
And formerly according to our Law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comst thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Lists?
Against whom com'st thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heaven.

Bul. *Harry* of Herford, Lancaster, and *Derbie*,
Am I : who ready heere do stand in *Armes*,
To prove by heavens grace, and my bodies valour,
In *Lists*, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of *Norfolke*,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heaven.

Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the *Listes*,
Except the Marshall, and such Officers
Appointed to direct these faire designes.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Sovereigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Majestie :
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,
Then let us take a ceremonious leave
And loving farwell of our severall friends.

Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craves to kisse your hand, and take his leave.

Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our armes.
Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is just,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight :
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Bull. O let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* speare :
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you,
Of you (my Noble Cosin) Lord *Aumerle* ;
Not sicke, although I have to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English Feasts, so I regreete
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,

Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
 Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee up
 To reach at victory above my head,
 Adde prooffe unto mine Armour with thy prayres,
 And with thy blessings steele my Lances point,
 That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
 And furnish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
 Even in the lusty haviour of his sonne.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosp'rous,
 Be swift like lightning in the execution,
 And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
 Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.

Rouse up thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and live.

Bul. Mine innocence, and *S. George* to thrive.

Mow. How ever heaven or fortune cast my lot,
 There lives, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
 A loyall, just, and upright Gentleman :
 Never did Captive with a freer heart,
 Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
 More then my dancing soule doth celebrate
 This Feast of Battell, with mine Adversarie.
 Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
 Take from my mouth, the wish of happy yeares,
 As gentle, and as jocond, as to Jest,
 Go I to fight : Truth, hath a quiet brest.

Rich. Farewell, my Lord, securely I espy
 Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye :
 Order the triall Marshall, and begin.

Mar. *Harrie* of *Herford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derby*,
 Receive thy Launce, and heaven defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas D.* of *Norfolke*.

1. *Har.* *Harry* of *Herford*, *Lancaster*, and *Derbie*,

Stands heere for God, his Sovereigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false, and recreant,
To prove the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

2. *Har.* Here standeth *Tho : Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approve
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his Sovereigne, and to him dialoyall :
Couragiously, and with a free desire
Attending but the signall to begin. *A charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forward Combatants :
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.

Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe :
Withdraw with us, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.

A long Flourish.

Draw neere and list
What with our Councell we have done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyld
With that deere blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civill wounds plowgh'd up with neighbors swords,
Which so rouz'd up with boystrous untun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shooke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make us wade even in our kindreds blood :
Therefore, we banish you our Territories.
You Cosin Herford, upon paine of death,
Till twice five Summere have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bol. Your will be done : This must my comfort be,
That Sun that warms you heere, shall shine on me :
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

Rich. Norfolk : for thee remains a heavier dounce,
Which I with some unwillingnesse pronounce,
The slye slow hoours shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deere exile :
The hopelesse word, of Never to returne,
Breath I against thee, upon paine of life.

Mow. A heavy sentence, my most Sovereigne Liege,
And all unlook'd for from your Highnesse mouth :
A deerer merit, not so deepe a maine,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Have I deserved at your Highnesse hands.
The Language I have learn'd these forty yeares
(My native English) now I must forgo,
And now my tongues use is to me no more,
Then an unstringed Vvall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Instrument cas'd up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaul'd my tongue,
Doubly perculist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me :
I am too old to fawne upon a Nurse,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now :
What is thy sentence then, but speechlesse death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath ?

Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

Rich. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,

Lay on our Royall sword, your banisht hands ;
 Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven
 (Our part therein we banish with your selves)
 To keepe the Oath that we administer :
 You never shall (so helpe you Truth, and Heaven)
 Embrace each others love in banishment,
 Nor ever looke upon each others face,
 Nor ever write, regreete, or reconcile
 This lowring tempest of your home-bred hate,
 Nor ever by advised purpose meete,
 To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
 'Gainst Us, our State, our Subjects, or our Land.

Bull. I swear.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, so fare, as to mine enemy,
 By this time (had the King permitted us)
 One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
 Banish'd this fraile sepulchre of our flesh,
 As now our flesh is banish'd from this Land.
 Confesse thy Treasons, ere thou flye this Realme,
 Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along
 The clogging burthen of a guilty soule.

Mow. No *Bullingbroke* : If ever I were Traitor,
 My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
 And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence :
 But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know,
 And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rue.
 Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
 Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.

Exit.

Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
 I see thy greeved heart : thy sad aspect,
 Hath from the number of his banish'd yeares
 Pluck'd foure away : Six frozen Winters spent,
 Returne with welcome home, from banishment.

Bull. How long a time lyes in one little word :

Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton springs
End in a word, such is the breath of Kings.

Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens foure yeares of my sonnes exile :
But little vantage shall I reape thereby.
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endlesse night :
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me see my sonne.

Rich. Why Uncle, thou hast many yeeres to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canst give ;
Shorten my dayes thou canst with sudden sorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow :
Thou canst helpe time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage :
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

Ric. Thy sonne is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Justice seem'st thou then to lowre ?

Gau. Things sweet to tast, prove in digestion sowre :
You urg'd me as a Judge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away :
But you gave leave to my unwilling tong,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

Rich. Cosine farewell : and Uncle bid him so :
Six yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Exit.

Flourish.

Au. Cosine farewell : what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let paper show.

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hord thy words,
That thou returnst no greeting to thy friends?

Bull. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.

Gau. Thy greefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bull. Joy absent, greefe is present for that time.

Gau. What is sixe Winters, they are quickly gone?

Bul. To men in joy, but greefe makes one houre ten.

Gau. Call it a travell that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Bul. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.

Gau. The sullen passage of thy weary steppes
Esteeme a foyle, wherein thou art to set
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand

By thinking on the frostie *Caucasus*?

Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,

By bare imagination of a Feast?

Or Wallow naked in December snow

By thinking on fantasticke summers heate?

Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:

Fell sorrowes tooth, doth ever ranckle more

Then when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gau. Come, come (my son) Ile bring thee on thy way,
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: sweet soil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurse, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a true-borne Englishman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did observe. Cosine *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him so)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeast wind
Which then grew bitterly against our face,
Awak'd the sleepe rhewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

Rich. What said our Cosin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell: and for my hart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such greefe,
That word seem'd buried in my sorrowes grave.
Marry, would the word Farwell, have lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of Farwels,
But since it would not, he had none of me.

Rich. He is our Cosin (Cosin) but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends,
Our selfe, and *Bushy*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Observ'd his Courtship to the common people;
How he did seeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courtesie,
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Woing poore Craftes-men, with the craft of soules,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyster-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrimen, my loving friends,
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts :
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made my Liege
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes
For their advantage, and your Highnesse losse.

Ric. We will our selfe in person to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Revennew whereof shall furnish us
For our affayres in hand : if that come short
Our Substitutes at home shall have Blanke-charters :
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants :
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what newes ?

Bu. Old *John of Gaunt* is verie sicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste
To entreat your Majesty to visit him.

Ric. Where lyes he ?

Bu. At Ely house.

Ric. Now put it (heaven) in his Physitians minde,
To helpe him to his grave immediately :
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
Pray heaven we may make hast, and come too late.

Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, sicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my last
In wholesome counsell to his unstaide youth?

Yor. Vex not your selfe, nor strive not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more,
Then they whom youth and ease have taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt, then their lives before,
The setting Sun, and Musicke is the close
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last.
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;
Though *Richard* my lives counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale, may yet undeafe his eare.

Yor. No, it is stopt with other flatt'ring sounds
As praises of his state: then there are found
Lascivious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen,
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardie apish Nation
Limpes after in base imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inspir'd,

And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
 His rash fierce blaze of Ryot cannot last,
 For violent fires soone burne out themselves,
 Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short.
 He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
 With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
 Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
 Consuming meanes soone preyes upon it selfe.
 This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,
 This earth of Majesty, this seate of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy paradise,
 This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,
 Against infection, and the hand of warre:
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a Moate defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of lease happier Lands,
 This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
 This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
 For Christian service, and true Chivalrie,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn *Jury*
 Of the Worlds ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne.
 This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,
 Deere for her reputation through the world,
 Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
 Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beates backe the envious sledge
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe.

Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death?

*Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Busby, Greene, Riaget, Ros,
and Willoughby.*

For. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd do rage the more.

Qu. How fares our noble Uncle Lancaster?

Ri. What comfort man? How ist with aged *Gaunt*?

Ga. Oh how that name befits my composition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watcht,
Watching breeds leannesse, leannesse is all gaunt.
The pleasure that some Fathers feede upon,
Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.

Ric. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gau. No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mee,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

Ric. Should dying men flatter those that live?

Gau. No, no, men living flatter those that dye.

Rich. Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.

Gau. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

Rich. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I see the ill:
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesser then the Land,
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those Physicians, that first wounded thee.
 A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
 Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
 And yet incaged in so small a Verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser then thy Land :
 Oh had thy Grandsire with a Prophets eye,
 Seene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,
 From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert possesst,
 Which art possesst now to depose thy selfe.
 Why (Cosine) were thou Regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let his Land by lease :
 But for thy world enjoying but this Land,
 Is it not more then shame, to shame it so ?
 Landlord of England art thou, and not King :
 Thy state of Law, is bonds slave to the law,
 And ———

Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
 Presuming on an Agues priviledge,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
 With fury, from his native residence ?
 Now by my Seates right Royall Majestie,
 Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards sonne*,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders.

Gau. Oh spare me not, my brothers *Edwards sonne*,
 For that I was his Father *Edwards sonne* :
 That blood already (like the Pellican)
 Thou hast tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
 My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule
 (Whom faire befall in heaven 'mongst happy soules)
 May be a president, and witnesse good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards blood* :
 Joyne with the present sicknesse that I have,

And thy unkindnesse be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
 Live in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,
 These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave,
 Love they to live, that love and honor have.

Exit

Rich. And let them dye, that age and sullens have,
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

Tor. I do beseech your Majestie impute his words
 To wayward sicklinesse, and age in him :
 He loves you on my life, and holds you deere
 As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

Rich. Right, you say true : as *Herfords* love, so his ;
 As theirs, so mine : and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your Majestie.

Rich. What sayes he ?

Nor. Nay nothing, all is said :

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

Tor. Be Yorke the next, that must be bankrupt so,
 Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

Rich. The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he,
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
 So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,
 We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,
 Which live like venom, where no venom else
 But onely they, have priviledge to live.
 And for these great affayres do aske some charge
 Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
 The plate, coine, revennewes, and moveables,
 Whereof our Uncle *Gaunt* did stand possesst.

Tor. How long shall I be patient ? Oh how long
 Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong ?

Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,
 Nor *Gauntes* rebukes, nor Englands private wrongs,
 Nor the prevention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
 About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace
 Have ever made me sowre my patient cheeke,
 Or bend one wrinkle on my Soveraignes face :
 I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,
 Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,
 In warre was never Lyon rag'd more fierce :
 In peace, was never gentle Lambe more milde,
 Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
 His face thou hast, for even so look'd he
 Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers :
 But when he frown'd, it was against the French,
 And not against his friends : his noble hand
 Did win what he did spend : and spent not that
 Which his triumphant fathers hand had won :
 His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
 But bloody with the enemies of his kinne :
 Oh *Richard*, *Torke* is too farre gone with greefe,
 Or else he never would compare betweene.

Rich. Why Uncle,
 What's the matter ?

Tor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not
 I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all ;
 Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
 The Royalties and Rights of banish'd Herford ?
 Is not *Gaunt* dead ? and doth not Herford live ?
 Was not *Gaunt* just ? and is not *Harry* true ?
 Did not the one deserve to have an heyre ?
 Is not his heyre a well-deserving sonne ?
 Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
 His Charters, and his customarie rights :
 Let not to morrow then insue to day,
 Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King

But by faire sequence and succession?
 Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
 If you do wrongfully seize Herfords right,
 Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
 By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
 His liverie, and denie his offer'd homage,
 You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
 You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
 And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
 Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will : we seise into our hands,
 His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

For. Ile not be by the while : My Liege farewell,
 What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.
 But by bad courses may be understood,
 That their events can never fall out good.

Exit.

Rich. Go *Busbie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
 Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* house,
 To see this businesse : to morrow next
 We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow :
 And we create in absence of our selfe
 Our Uncle *Yorke*, Lord Governor of England :
 For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.
 Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
 Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Flourish.

Manet North. Willoughby, & Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Wil. Barely in title, not in revennew.

Nor. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great : but it must break with silence,
 Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind : & let him ne'r speak more
 That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

Wil. Tends that thou'dst speake to th'Du. of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ros. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unlesse you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land ;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of us all.
That will the King severely prosecute
Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heires.

Ros. The Commons hath he pil'd with greivous taxes
And quite lost their hearts : the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Wil. And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As blankes, benevolences, and I wot not what :
But what o'Gods name doth become of this ?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not,
But basely yeelded upon comprimize,
That which his Ancestors atchiev'd with blowes :
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ros. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in Farme.

Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach, and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ros. He hath not monie for these Irish warres :
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King :
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to avoid the storme :
We see the winde sit sore upon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ros. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And unavoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so : even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering : but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ros. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

Nor. Then thus : I have from *Port le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiv'd intelligence,
That *Harry Duke of Herford*, *Rainald Lord Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, *Sir John Rainston*,
Sir John Norberie, *Sir Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quaint*,
All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore :
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoake.
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Majestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in poste to *Ravenspurgb*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Ros. To horse, to horse, urge doubts to them that feare.

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Busby, and Bagot.

Busb. Madam, your Majesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heavinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,
Some unborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greeves,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Busb. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:
For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Divides one thing intire, to many objects,
Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweet Majestie
Looking awry upon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which looked on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not seene;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie,
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heavy sad,

As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrinke.

Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriv'd
From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something greefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I greeve,
'Tis in reversion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heaven save your Majesty, and wel met Gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his signes crave hast, his hast good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
And driven into dispaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is safe arriv'd
At *Ravenspurg*.

Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The L. Northumberland, his yong sonne *Henric Percie*,
The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,
And al the houshold servants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*.

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:

Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gasping new delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow joyn'd.

Busb. Dispaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me ?

I will dispaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope ; he is a Flatterer,
A Parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke.

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes :
Uncle, for heavens sake speake comfortable words :

Tor. Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care and greefe :
Your husband he is gone to save farre off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home :
Heere am I left to under-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe,
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.

Tor. He was : why so : go all which way it will :
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare revolt on Herfords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloster,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

For. What is't knave?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse di'de.

For. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this wofull Land at once?

I know not what to do: I would to heaven

(So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)

The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What, are there postes dispatcht for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these warres?

Come sister (Cozen I would say) pray pardon me.

Go fellow, get thee home, provide some Carts,

And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you muster men?

If I know how, or which way to order these affaires

Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,

Never beleave me. Both are my kinsmen,

Th'one is my Sovereigne, whom both my oath

And dutie bids defend: th'other againe

Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,

Whom conscience, and my kindred bids to right:

Well, somewhat we must do: Come Cozen,

Ile dispose of you. Gentlemen, go muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Barkley Castle:

I should to Plashy too: but time will not permit,

All is uneven, and every thing is left at six and seven.

Exit.

Bush. The winde sits faire for newes to go to Ireland,

But none returns: For us to levy power

Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impossible.

Gr. Besides our neerenesse to the King in love,

Is neere the hate of those love not the King.

Ba. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love

Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If judgement lye in them, then so do we,
Because we have beene ever neere the King.

Gr. Well : I will for refuge straight to Bristoll Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is alreadie there.

Busb. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for us,
Except like Curres, to teare us all in peeces :
Will you go along with us ?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Majestie :
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part, that nev'r shall meete againe.

Bu. That's as Yorke thrives to beate backe *Bullinbroke*.

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he undertakes
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flye.

Busb. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.
Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me never. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now ?

Nor. Beleeve me noble Lord,

I am a stranger heere in Gloustershire,
These high wilde hilles, and rough uneeven waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome :
And yet our faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable :
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Ravenspurgh to Cottahold will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse, and processe of my travell :

But theirs is sweetned with the hope to have
The present benefit that I possesse ;
And hope to joy, is little leasse in joy,
Then hope enjoy'd : By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your Noble Companie.

Bull. Of much leasse value is my Companie,
Then your good words : but who comes heere ?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my sonne, young *Harrie Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worcester* : Whence soever.

Harry, how fares your Uncle ?

Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to have learn'd his health
of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene ?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and disperst
The Household of the King.

North. What was his reason ?
He was not so resolv'd, when we last spake together.

Percie. Because your Lordship was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurgh,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me over by Barkely, to discover
What power the Duke of Yorke had levied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Ravenspurgh.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord ; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now : this is the Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen, and confirme

To more approved service, and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends :
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Love,
It shall be still thy true Loves recompence,
My heart this Covenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what stirre
Keepes good old *Torke* there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There stands the Castle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Torke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None else of Name, and noble estimate.

Enter Rosse and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with spurring, fierie red with haste.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your love pursues
A banisht Traytor; all my Treasure
Is yet but unfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your love, and labours recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most Noble Lord.

Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Evermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I ghesse.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that Name in England,
And I must finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Bark. Mistake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning

To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the most glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our Native Peace with self-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Person. My Noble Unckle.

Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose dutie is deceivable, and false.

Bull. My gracious Unckle.

Yorke. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Unckle me,
I am no Traytors Unckle ; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have these banish'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Dust of Englands Ground ?
But more then why, why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peacefull Bosome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes ?
Com'st thou because th'anoynted King is hence ?
Why foolish Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Bosome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of such hot youth, '
As when brave *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my selfe
Rescued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thousand French :
Oh then, how quickly should this Arme of mine,
Now Prisoner to the Palsie, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Unckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition stands it, and wherein ?

Yorke. Even in Condition of the worst degree,

In grosse Rebellion, and detested Treason :
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In braving Armes against thy Sovereigne.

Bull. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*.

And Noble Uncle, I beacech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye :
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you,
I see old *Gaunt* alive. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond ; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and given away
To upstart Unthrifths ? Wherefore was I borne ?
If that my Cousin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinsman,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should have found his Uncle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denyde to sue my Liverie here,
And yet my Letters Patents give me leave :
My Fathers goods are all distraynd, and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse imployd.
What would you have me doe ? I am a Subject,
And challenge Law : Attorneyes are deny'd me ;
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Discent.

Norib. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon, to doe him right.

Willa. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Tork. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my Cosens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right :
But in this kind, to come in braving Armes,

Be his owne Carver, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be ;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The Noble Duke hath sworne his comming is
But for his owne ; and for the right of that,
Wee all have strongly sworne to give him ayd,
And let him nev'r see Joy, that breakes that Oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes,
I cannot mend it, I must needes confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left :
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Unto the Sovereaign Mercy of the King.
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Unlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this Night.

Bull. An offer Uncle, that wee will accept :
But wee must winne your Grace to goe with us
To Bristow Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I have sworne to weed, and plucke away.

York. It may be I will go with you : but yet Ile pawse,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes :
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care. *Exit*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have stayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreyemen together,

And yet we heare no tidings from the King ;
Therefore we will disperse our selves : farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trustie Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay ;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven ;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whisper fearefull change ;
Rich men looke sad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre :
These signes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd *Richard* their King is dead.

Exit.

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heaue mind,
I see thy Glory, like a shooting Starre,
Fall to the base Earth, from the Firmament :
Thy Sunne sets weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing Stormes to come, Woe, and Unrest :
Thy Friends are fled, to wait upon thy Foes,
And crossely to thy good, all fortune goes.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

*Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Rosse, Percie,
Willoughby, with Bushie and Greene Prisoners.*

Bull. Bring forth these men :
Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules,
(Since presently your soules must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no Charitie : yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,

I will unfold some causes of your death.
 You have mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
 A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
 By you unhappied, and disfigur'd cleane :
 You have in manner with your sinfull houres
 Made a divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
 Broke the possession of a Royall Bed,
 And stayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
 With teares drawn from her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
 My selfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
 Neere to the King in blood, and neere in love,
 Till you did make him mis-interpret me,
 Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in forraine Clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment ;
 While you have fed upon my Seignories,
 Dis-park'd my Parke, and fell'd my Forrest Woods ;
 From mine owne Windowes torne my Household Coat,
 Raz'd out my Impresse, leaving me no signe,
 Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
 To shew the World I am a Gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
 Condemnes you to the death : see them delivered over
 To execution, and the hand of death.

Bushie. More welcome is the stroake of death to me,
 Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.

Greene. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,
 And plague Injustice with the paines of Hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd :
 Uncle, you say the Queene is at your House,
 For Heavens sake fairely let her be entreated,
 Tell her I send to her my kind commends ;
 Take speciall care my Greetings be deliver'd.

York. A Gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With Letters of your love, to her at large.

Bull. Thankes gentle Unckle : come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices ;
A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drums : Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand ?

Au. Yea, my Lord : how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas ?

Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weepe for joy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves :
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting ;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee favor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his ravenous sence :
But let thy Spiders, that suck up thy Venome,
And heave-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with usurping steps doe trample thee.
Yeeld stinging Nettles to mine Enemies ;
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death upon thy Soveraignes Enemies.
Mock not my sencelesse Conjuraton, Lords ;
This Earth shall have a feeling, and these Stones
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her Native King

Shall falter under foule Rebelloious Armes.

Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through our securitie,
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.

Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,
That when the searching Eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeves and Robbers raunge abroad unseene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here :
But when from under this Terrestriall Ball
He fires the prowde tops of the Easterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through ev'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of Day ;
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can wash the Balme from an anoynted King ;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputie elected by the Lord :
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,
Heaven for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay
A glorious Angell : then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.

Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power ?

Salisb. Nor nere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,

Then this weake arme ; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but despaire :
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth :
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men :
To day, to day, unhappie day too late
Orethrowres thy Joyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State ;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace so pale ?

Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Have I not reason to looke pale, and dead ?
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,
For Time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.

Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King ?
Awake thou sluggard Majestie, thou sleepest :
Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names ?
Arme, arme my Name : a punie subject strikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Favorites of a King : are wee not high :
High be our thoughts : I know my Unckle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to serve our turne.
But who comes here ?

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him.

Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd :
The worst is worldly losse, thou canst unfold :
Say, Is my Kingdome lost ? why 'twas my Care :
And what losse is it to be rid of Care ?

Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?
 Greater he shall not be: If hee serve God,
 Wee'l serve him too, and be his Fellow so.
 Revolt our Subjects? That we cannot mend,
 They breake their Faith to God, as well as us:
 Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,
 The worst is Death, and Death will have his day.

Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd
 To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
 Like an unseasonable stormie day,
 Which make the Silver Rivers drowne their Shores,
 As if the World were all dissolv'd to teares:
 So high, above his Limits, swells the Rage
 Of *Bullingbrooke*, coveting your fearefull Land
 With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
 White Beares have arm'd their thin and hairelesse Scalps
 Against thy Majestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
 Strive to speake bigge, and clap their female joints
 In stiffe unwieldie Armes: against thy Crowne
 Thy very Beads-men learne to bend their Bowes
 Of double fatall Eugh: against thy State
 Yea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:
 Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,
 And all goes worse then I have power to tell.

Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.
 Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is *Bagot*?
 What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?
 That they have let the dangerous Enemie
 Measure our Confines with such peacefull steps?
 If we prevaile, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant they have made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace have they made with him indeede (my Lord

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
 Dogges, easily wooon to fawne on any man,
 Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,

Three Judasses, each one thrice worse then *Judas*,
Would they make peace ? terrible Hell make warre
Upon their spotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Love (I see) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the sowrest, and most deadly hate ;
Againe uncurse their Soules ; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands : those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,
And lye full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Busbie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead ?

Scroope. Yea all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power ?

Rich. No matter where ; of comfort no man speake :
Let's talke of Graves, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.
Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills :
And yet not so ; for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
Our Lands, our Lives, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,
Which serves as Paste, and Cover to our Bones :
For Heavens sake let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings :
How some have been depos'd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghosts they have depos'd,
Some poyson'd by their Wives, some sleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,
Were Brasse impregnable : and humor'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King.
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemne Reverence : throw away Respect,
Trádition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you have but mistooke me all this while :
I live with Bread like you, feeke Want,
Taste Griefe, need Friends : subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King ?

Carl. My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes
But presently prevent the wayes to waile :
To feare the Foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Gives in your weakenesse, strength unto your Foe ;
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death servile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'st me well : proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome :
This ague fit of feare is over-blowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Unckle with his Power ?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sowre.

Scroope. Men judge by the complexion of the Skie
The state and inclination of the day ;
So may you by my dull and heavie Eye :
My Tongue hath but a heavier Tale to say :
I play the Torturer, by small and small
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.
Your Unckle *Yorke* is joyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeilded up,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes

Upon his Faction.

Rich. Thou hast said enough.
 Beshrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forth
 Of that sweet way I was in, to despaire :
 What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?
 By Heaven Ile hate him everlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more.
 Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
 A King, Woes slave, shall Kingly Woe obey :
 That Power I have, discharge, and let 'em goe
 To eare the Land, that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none. Let no man speake againe
 To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers : let them hence away,
 From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke,
 Northumberland, Attendants.*

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
 The Welchmen are dispers'd, and *Salisbury*
 Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
 With some few private friends, upon this Coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

Yorke. It would beseeeme the Lord Northumberland,
 To say King *Richard* : alack the heavie day,
 When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes : onely to be brieve,

Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath beene,
Would you have beene so brieve with him, he would
Have beene so brieve with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Unckle) farther then you should.

York. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should,
Least you mistake the heavens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Unckle) and oppose not my selfe
Against their will. But who comes here ?

Enter Percie.

Welcome *Harry* : what, will not this Castle yeeld ?

Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Royally : Why, it containes no King ?

Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King : King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Clergie man
Of holy reverence ; who, I cannot learne.

North. Oh, belike it is the Bishop of Carlile.

Bull. Noble Lord,

Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Castle,
Through Brazen Trumpet send the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliver :

Henry Bullingbrooke upon his knees doth kisse
King *Richards* hand, and sends allegiance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Person : hither come
Even at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Provided, that my Banishment repeal'd,
And Lands restor'd againe, be freely graunted :
If not, Ile use th'advantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers dust with showers of blood,

Rayn'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen ;
 The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
 It is, such Crimson Tempest should bedrench
 The fresh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
 My stooping dutie tenderly shall shew.
 Goe signifie as much, while here we march
 Upon the Grassie Carpet of this Plaine :
 Let's march without the noyse of threatning Drum,
 That from this Castles tatter'd Battlements
 Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
 Me thinks King *Richard* and my selfe should meet
 With no lesse terror then the Elements
 Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake
 At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heaven :
 Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water ;
 The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
 My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
 March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

*Parle without, and answer within : then a Flourish. Enter on the
 Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.*

See see, King *Richard* doth himselfe appeare
 As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
 From out the fierie Portall of the East,
 When he perceives the envious Clouds are bent
 To dimme his glory, and to staine the tract
 Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Tork. Yet lookes he like a King : behold his Eye
 (As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
 Controlling Majestie : alack, alack, for woe,
 That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long have we stood
 To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
 Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King :
 And if we be, how dare thy joynts forget

To pay their awfull dutie to our presence ?
 If we be not, shew us the Hand of God,
 That hath dismiss'd us from our Stewardship,
 For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
 Can gripe the sacred Handle of our Scepter,
 Unlesse he doe prophane, steale, or usurpe.
 And though you thinke, that all, as you have done,
 Have torne their Soules, by turning them from us,
 And we are barren, and bereft of Friends :
 Yet know, my Master, God Omnipotent,
 Is mustring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
 Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
 Your Children yet unborne, and unbegot,
 That lift your Vassall Hands against my Head,
 And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
 Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
 That every stride he makes upon my Land,
 Is dangerous Treason : He is come to ope
 The purple Testament of bleeding Warre ;
 But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace,
 Ten thousand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
 Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
 Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
 To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
 Her Pastors Grasse with faithfull English Blood.

North. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
 Should so with civill and uncivill Armes
 Be rush'd upon : Thy thrice-noble Cousin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kisse thy hand,
 And by the Honorable Tombe he sweares,
 That stands upon your Royall Grandsires Bones,
 And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
 (Currents that spring from one most gracious Head)
 And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
 And by the Worth and Honor of himselfe,

Comprising all that may be sworne, or said,
His coming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees :
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull service of your Majestie :
This sweares he, as he is a Prince, is just,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

Rich. *Northumberland*, say thus : The King returnes,
His Noble Cousin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction :
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debase our selfe (Cousin) doe we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire ?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the Traytor, and so die ?

Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful Swords.

Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off againe
With words of sooth : Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or lesser then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I have beene,
Or not remember what I must be now :
Swell'st thou proud heart ? Ile give thee scope to beat,
Since Foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. *Northumberland* comes back from *Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. What must the King doe now ? must he submit ?
The King shall doe it : Must he be depos'd ?
The King shall be contented : Must he loose

The Name of King ? o'Gods Name let it goe.
 Ile give my Jewels for a sett of Beades,
 My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
 My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
 My figur'd Goblets, for a Dish of Wood,
 My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,
 My Subjects, for a payre of carved Saints,
 And my large Kingdome, for a little Grave,
 A little little Grave, an obscure Grave.
 Or Ile be buried in the Kings high-way,
 Some way of common Trade, where Subjects feet
 May howrely trample on their Sovereignes Head :
 For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live ;
 And buried once, why not upon my Head ?
Aumerle, thou weep'st (my tender-hearted Cousin)
 Wee'le make foule Weather with despised Teares :
 Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the Summer Corne,
 And make a Dearth in this revolting Land.
 Or shall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
 And make some prettie Match, with shedding Teares ?
 As thus : to drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a payre of Graves,
 Within the Earth : and therein lay'd, there lyes
 Two Kinsmen, digg'd their Graves with weeping Eyes ?
 Would not this ill, doe well ? Well, well, I see
 I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
 Most mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
 What sayes King *Bullingbrooke* ? Will his Majestie
 Give *Richard* leave to live, till *Richard* die ?
 You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* sayes I.
North. My Lord, in the base Court he doth attend
 To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glist'ring *Phaeton*,
 Wanting the manage of unruly Jades.
 In the base Court ? base Court, where Kings grow base,

To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the base Court come down : down Court, down King,
For night-Owls shrike, where mounting Larks should sing.

Bull. What sayes his Majestie ?

North. Sorrow, and grieve of heart
Makes him speake fondly, like a frantick man :
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Majestie.
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Cousin.
You debase your Princely Knee,
To make the base Earth proud with kissing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feelee your Love,
Then my unpleas'd Eye see your Courtesie.
Up Cousin, up, your Heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, although your Knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

Rich. Well you deserv'd :
They well deserve to have,
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get.
Unckle give me your Hand : nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares shew their Love, but want their Remedies.
Cousin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London :
Cousin, is it so ?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we devise here in this Garden,
To drive away the heavie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rube,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no measure keeps in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of eyther, Madame.

Qu. Of neyther, Girle.

For if of Joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow :
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Joy :
For what I have, I need not to repeat ;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause :
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, unto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State : for every onc doth so,

Against a Change ; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight :
Give some supportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner,
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth :
All must be even, in our Government.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noysome Weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Estate ?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillars.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weedes that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke* :
I meane, the Earle of Wiltshire, *Busbie, Greene.*

Ser. What are they dead ?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seiz'd the wastefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not so trim'd
And drest his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Least being over-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe ?

Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may live :
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.

Ser. What thinke you the King shall be depos'd ?

Gar. Deprest he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came last night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorke,
That tell blacke tydings.

Qu. Oh I am prest to death through want of speaking :
Thou old *Adams* likenesse, set to dresse this Garden :
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this displeasing new
What Eve ? what Serpent hath suggested thee,
To make a second fall of cursed man ?
Why do'st thou say, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Divine his downfall ? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'st thou by this ill-tydings ? Speake thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little joy have I
To breath these newes ; yet what I say, is true ;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd :
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few Vanities, that make him light :
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poste you to London, and you'l finde it so,
I speake no more, then every one doth know.

Qu. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy Embassage belong to me ?
And am I last that knowes it ? Oh thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keepe

Thy sorrow in my breast. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this : that my sad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'st, may never grow. *Exit.*

G. Poore Queen, so that thy State might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse :
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile set a Banke of Rew, sowre Herbe of Grace :
Rue, ev'n for ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster. Herald, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.

Now *Bagot*, freely speake thy minde,
What thou do'st know of Noble Glousters death :
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timelesse end.

Bag. Then set before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bul. Cosin, stand forth, and looke upon that man.

Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to unsay, what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time, when Glousters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English Court
As farre as Callis, to my Unkles head.
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,

Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How blest this Land would be, in this your *Cosin's* death.

Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:

What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonor my faire *Starres*,
On equall termes to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honor soyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his sland'rous *Lippea*.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lye'st,
And will maintaine what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my Knightly sword.

Bul. *Bagot* forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathize:

There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that shewes me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say (and vauntingly thou spak'st it)
That thou wer't cause of Noble *Glousters* death.
If thou deniest it, twenty times thou lye'st,
And I will turne thy falshood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point,

Aum. Thou dar'st not (Coward) live to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Per. *Aumerle*, thou lye'st: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all unjust:

And that thou art so, there I throw my Gage
To prove it on thee, to th'extreamest point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengefull Steele,
Over the glittering Helmet of my Foe.

Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water*;
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.

Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true : You were in presence then,
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven,
As Heaven it selfe is true.

Fitz. *Surrey*, thou Lye'st.

Surrey. Dishonourable Boy ;
That Lye, shall lie so heavy on my Sword,
That it shall render Vengeance, and Revenge,
Till thou the Lye-giver, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In prooffe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'st.

Fitzw. How fondly do'st thou spurre a forward Horse ?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or live,
I dare mee'te *Surrey* in a Wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes : there is my Bond of Faith,
To tie thee to my strong Correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.
Besides, I heard the banish'd *Norfolke* say,
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes : here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.

Bull. These differences shall all rest under Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd : repeal'd he shall be ;
And (though mine Enemy) restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories : when hee's return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.

Carl. That honourable day shall ne're be seene.
 Many a time hath banish'd *Norfolke* sought
 For Jesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
 Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
 Against black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens :
 And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himselfe
 To Italy, and there at Venice gave
 His Body to that pleasant Countries Earth,
 And his pure Soule unto his Captaine Christ,
 Under whose Colours he had fought so long.

Bull. Why Bishop, is *Norfolke* dead ?

Carl. As sure as I live, my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet Soule
 To the Bosome of good old *Abram*.
 Lords Appealants, your differences shal all rest under gage,
 Till we assigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
 From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
 Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
 To the possession of thy Royall Hand.
 Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
 And long live *Henry*, of that name the Fourth.

Bull. In Gods Name, Ile ascend the Regall Throne.

Carl. Mary, Heaven forbid.
 Worst in this Royall Presence may I speake,
 Yet best besceming me to speake the truth.
 Would God, that any in this Noble Presence
 Were enough Noble, to be upright Judge
 Of Noble *Richard*: then true noblenesse would
 Learne him forbearance from so foule a Wrong.
 What Subject can give Sentence on his King ?
 And who sits here, that is not *Richards* Subject ?
 Theeves are not judg'd, but they are by heare,
 Although apparant guilt be seene in them :

And shall the figure of Gods Majestie,
 His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
 Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
 Be judg'd by subject, and inferior breathe,
 And he himselfe not present? Oh, forbid it, God,
 That in a Christian Climate, Soules refin'de
 Should shew so heynous, black, obscene a deed.
 I speake to Subjects, and a Subject speakes,
 Stirr'd up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
 My Lord of Hereford heere, whom you call King,
 Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
 And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
 Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
 And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
 Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
 Disorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
 Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculla.
 Oh, if you reare this House, against this House
 It will the wofullest Division prove,
 That ever fell upon this curs'd Earth.
 Prevent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
 Least Child, Childs Children cry against you, Woe.

North. Well have you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
 Of Capitall Treason we arrest you here.

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
 To keepe him safely, till his day of Tryall.
 May it please you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?

Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
 He may surrender: so we shall proceede
 Without suspicion.

Yorke. I will be his Conduct.

Exit.

Bull. Lords, you that here are under our Arrest,

Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Answer :
 Little are we beholding to your Love,
 And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a King,
 Before I have shooke off the Regall thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
 To insinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
 Give Sorrow leave a while, to tuture me
 To this submission. Yet I well remember
 The favors of these men: were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, All hayle to me?
 So *Judas* did to Christ: but he in twelve,
 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the King: will no man say, Amen?
 Am I both Priest, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
 God save the King, although I be not hee:
 And yet Amen, if Heaven doe thinke him mee.
 To doe what service, am I sent for hither?

Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
 Which tyred Majestie did make thee offer:
 The Resignation of thy State and Crowne
 To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Give me the Crown. Here Cousin, seize the Crown:
 Here Cousin, on this side my Hand, on that side thine.
 Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
 That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier ever dancing in the ayre,
 The other downe, unseene, and full of Water:
 That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
 Drinking my Griefes, whil'st you mount up on high.

Bull. I thought you had been willing to resigne.

Rich. My Crowne I am, but still my Griefes are mine:
 You may my Glories and my State depose,

But not my Griefes; still am I King of those.

Bull. Part of your Cares you give me with your Crowne.

Rich. Your Cares set up, do not pluck my Cares downe.

My Care, is losse of Care, by old Care done,

Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne :

The Cares I give, I have, though given away,

They 'tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay :

Bull. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne ?

Rich. I, no ; no, I : for I must nothing bee :

Therefore no, no, for I resigne to thee.

Now, marke me how I will undoe my selfe.

I give this heaue Weight from off my Head,

And this unweildie Scepter from my Hand,

The pride of Kingly sway from out my Heart.

With mine owne Teares I wash away my Balme,

With mine owne Hands I give away my Crowne,

With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,

With mine owne Breath release all dutious Oathes ;

All Pompe and Majestie I doe forswear :

My Manors, Rents, Revenues, I forgoe ;

My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie :

God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,

God keepe all Vowes unbroke are made to thee.

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchiev'd.

Long may'st thou live in *Richards* Seat to sit,

And soone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.

God save King *Henry*, un-King'd *Richard* sayes,

And send him many yeeres of Sunne-shine dayes.

What more remaines ?

North. No more : but that you reade

These Accusations, and these grievous Crymes,

Committed by your Person, and your followers,

Against the State, and Profit of this Land :

That by confessing them, the Soules of men

May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I ravell out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were upon Record,
Would it not shame thee, in so faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'st,
There should'st thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heaven.
Nay, all of you, that stand and looke upon me,
Whil'st that my wretchednesse doth bait my selfe,
Though some of you, with *Pilate*, wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Have here deliver'd me to my sowre Crosse,
And Water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, reade o're these Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot see:
And yet salt-Water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes upon my selfe,
I finde my selfe a Traytor with the rest:
For I have given here my Soules consent,
T'undeeke the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory base; a Soveraigntie, a Slave;
Prowd Majestie, a Subject; State, a Pesant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-insulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I have no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was given me at the Font,
But 'tis usurpt; alack the heavie day,
That I have worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my selfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,

To melt my selfe away in Water-drops.
 Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
 And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a Mirror hither straight,
 That it may shew me what a Face I have,
 Since it is Bankrupt of his Majestie.

Bull. Goe some of you, and fetch a Looking-Glasse.

North. Read o're this Paper, while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Urge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland*.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfy'd.

Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
 When I doe see the very Booke indeede,
 Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe.

Enter one with a Glasse.

Give me that Glasse, and therein will I reade.
 No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow strucke
 So many Blowes upon this Face of mine,
 And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glasse,
 Like to my Followers in prosperitie,
 Thou do'st beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
 That every day, under his House-hold Roofe,
 Did Keepe ten thousand men? Was this the Face,
 That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
 Is this the Face, which fac'd so many follyes,
 That was at last out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
 A brittle Glory shineth in this Face,
 As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
 For there it is, crackt in an hundred shivers.
 Marke silent King, the Morall of this sport,
 How soone my sorrow hath destroy'd my Face.

Bull. The shadow of your Sorrow hath destroy'd
 The shadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.

The shadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's see,

'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
 And these externall manner of Laments,
 Are meere shadows, to the unseene Griefe,
 That swells with silence in the tortur'd Soule.
 There lyes the substance : and I thank thee King
 For thy great bountie, that not onely giv'st
 Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
 How to lament the cause. Ile begge one Boone,
 And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
 Shall I obtaine it ?

Bull. Name it, faire Cousin.

Rich. Faire Cousin ? I am greater then a King :
 For when I was a King, my flatterers
 Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
 I have a King here to my flatterer :
 Being so great, I have no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I have ?

Bull. You shall.

Rich. Then give me leave to goe.

Bull. Whither ?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bull. Goe some of you, convey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good : convey : Conveyers are you all,
 That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set downe
 Our Coronation : Lords, prepare your selves.

Exeunt.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant have we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet unborne.
 Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as Thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
 To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
 You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
 To bury mine intents, but also to effect

What ever I shall happen to devise.
 I see your Browes are full of Discontent,
 Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
 Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
 Shall shew us all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come : this is the way
 To *Julius Cæsars* ill-erected Tower :
 To whose flint Bosome, my condemned Lord
 Is doom'd a Prisoner, by prow'd *Bullingbrooke*.
 Here let us rest, if this rebellious Earth
 Have any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
 My faire Rose wither : yet looke up ; behold,
 That you in pittie may dissolve to dew,
 And wash him fresh againe with true-love Teares.
 Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did stand,
 Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
 And not King *Richard* : thou most beauteous Inne,
 Why should hard-favour'd Grief be lodg'd in thee,
 When Triumph is become an Ale-house Guest.

Rich. Joyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not so,
 To make my end too sudden ; learne good Soule,
 To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
 Shewes us but this. I am sworne Brother (Sweet)
 To grim Necessitie ; and hee and I
 Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
 And Cloyster thee in some Religious House :
 Our holy lives must winne a new Worlds Crowne,

Which our prophane houres here have stricken downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in shape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thrusteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kisse the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with base Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beasts?

Rich. A King of Beasts indeede: if aught but Beasts,
I had beene still a happy King of Men.
Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my Death-bed, my last living leave.
In Winters tedious Nights sit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the sencelesse Brands will sympathize
The heaue accent of thy moving Tongue,
And in compassion, weepe the fire out:
And some will mourne in ashes, some coale-black,
For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all swift speed, you must away to France.

Rich. *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my Throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age,

More then it is, ere foule sinne, gathering head,
 Shall breake into corruption : thou shalt thinke,
 Though he divide the Realme, and give thee halfe,
 It is too little, helping him to all :
 He shall thinke, that thou which know'st the way
 To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
 Being ne're so little urg'd another way,
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped Throne.
 The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare ;
 That Feare, to Hate ; and Hate turns one, or both,
 To worthe Danger, and deserved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end :
 Take leave, and part, for you must part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorce'd ? (bad men) ye violate
 A two-fold Marriage ; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
 And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.
 Let me un-kisse the Oath 'twixt thee, and me ;
 And yet not so, for with a Kisse 'twas made.
 Part us, *Northumberland* : I, towards the North,
 Where shivering Cold and Sicknesse pines the Clyme :
 My Queene to France : from whence, set forth in pompe,
 She came adorned hither like sweet May ;
 Sent back like Hollowmas, or short'st of day.

Qu. And must we be divided ? must we part ?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart from heart.

Qu. Banish us both, and send the King with me,

North. That were some Love, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.

Weepe thou for me in France ; I, for thee heere :

Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere,

Goe, count thy Way with Sighees ; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longest Way shall have the longest Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one step Ile groane, the Way being short,
 And peece the Way out with a heavie heart.

Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
 Since wedding it, there is such length in Griefe :
 One Kisse shall stop our mouthes, and dumbely part ;
 Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Give me mine owne againe : 'twere no good part,
 To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
 So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
 That I may strive to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay :
 Once more adieu ; the rest, let Sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Duchesse.

Duch. My Lord you told me you would tell the rest,
 When weeping made you breake the story off,
 Of our two Cousins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leave ?

Duch. At that sad stoppe, my Lord,
 Where rude mis-govern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
 Threw dust and rubbish on King *Richards* head.

Yorke. Then, as I said, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,
 Mounted upon a hot and fierie Steed,
 Which his aspiring Rider seem'd to know,
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course :
 While all tongues cride, God save thee *Bullingbrooke*.
 You would have thought the very windowes spake,
 So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
 Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage : and that all the walles,
 With painted Imagery had said at once,
 Jesu preserve thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*.
 Whil'st he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,

Bespake them thus : I thanke you Countrimen :

And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst ?

Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men

After a well grac'd Actor leaves the Stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

Thinking his prattle to be tedious :

Even so, or with much more contempt, mens eyes

Did scowle on *Richard* : no man cride, God save him :

No joyfull tongue gave him his welcome home,

But dust was throwne upon his Sacred head,

Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,

His face still combating with teares and smiles

(The badges of his greefe and patience)

That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,

And Barbarisme it selfe have pittied him.

But heaven hath a hand in these events,

To whose high will we bound our calme contents.

To *Bullingbrooke*, are we sworne Subjects now,

Whose State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my sonne *Aumerle*,

Yor. *Aumerle* that was,

But that is lost, for being *Richards* Friend.

And Madam, you must call him *Rutland* now :

I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,

And lasting fealtie to the new-made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne : who are the Violets now,

That strew the greene lap of the new-come Spring ?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,

God knowes, I had as lief be none, as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-spring of time

Least you be cropt before you come to prime.

What newes from Oxford? Hold those Justs & Triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.

Torke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God prevent not, I purpose so.

Tor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the Writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

Torke. No matter then who sees it,

I will be satisfied, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have scene.

Torke. Which for some reasons sir, I meane to see :

I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?

'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into

For gay apparrell, against the Triumph.

Torke. Bound to himselfe? What doth he with a Bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.

Boy, let me see the Writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Tor. I will be satisfied : let me see it I say. *Snatches it.*

Treason, foule Treason, Villaine, Traitor, Slave.

Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?

Torke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horse :

Heaven for his mercy : what treachery is heere?

Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?

Torke. Give me my boots, I say : Saddle my horse :

Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,

I will appeach the Villaine.

Dut. What is the matter?

Torke. Peace foolish Woman.

Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?

Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more

Then my poore life must answer.

Dut.

Thy life answer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my sight.

Yor. Give me my Boots, I say.

Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Trespasæ of thine owne?
Have we more Sonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this dark Conspiracy?
A dozen of them heere have tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He shall be none:
Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadst thou groan'd for him as I have done,
Thou wouldest be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'st suspect
That I have bene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Bastard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, sweet husband, be not of that minde;
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

Yorke. Make way, unruly Woman.

Exit.

Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount upon his horse,
Spurre post, and get before him to the King,

And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee,
 Ile not be long behind : though I be old,
 I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke :
 And never will I rise up from the ground,
 Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee : Away be gone. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my unthriftie Sonne ?
 'Tis full three monthes since I did see him last.
 If any plague hang over us, 'tis he,
 I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found :
 Enquire at London, 'mongst the Tavernes there :
 For there (they say) he dayly doth frequent,
 With unrestrained loose Companions,
 Even such (they say) as stand in narrow Lanes,
 And rob our Watch, and beate our passengers,
 Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
 Takes on the point of Honor, to support
 So dissolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the Prince,
 And told him of these Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what said the Gallant ?

Per. His answer was: he would unto the Stewes,
 And from the common'st creature plucke a Glove
 And weare it as a favour, and with that
 He would unhorse the lustiest Challenger.

Bul. As dissolute as desp'rate, yet through both,
 I see some sparkes of better hope : which elder dayes
 May happily bring forth. But who comes heere ?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King ?

Bul. What meanes our Cousin, that hee stares

And lookes so wildly?

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your Majesty
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your selves, and leave us here alone :
What is the matter with our Cosin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roofo within my mouth,
Unlesse a Pardon, ere I rise, or speake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale be done.

Bul. Have thy desire.

Torke within.

Tor. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

Aum. Stay thy revengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare.

Torke. Open the doore, secure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for love speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Torke.

Bul. What is the matter (Unkle) speak, recover breath,
Tell us how neere is danger,
That we may arme us to encounter it.

Tor. Peruse this writing heere, and thou shalt know
The reason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand,

Tor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe,
I tore it from the Traitors bosome, King,
Feare, and not Love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, leaset thy pittie penne

A Serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Bul. O heinous, strong, and bold Conspiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne :
Thou sheere, immaculate, and silver fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himselfe.
Thy overflow of good, converts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot, in thy disgrassing sonne.

Yorke. So shall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he shall spend mine Honour, with his Shame ;
As thriflesse Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor lives, when his dishonor dies,
Or my sham'd life, in his dishonor lies :
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The Traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Dutchesse within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heavens sake let me in.

Bul. What shrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry ?

Dut. A Woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.

Speake with me, pittie me, open the dore,

A Begger begs, that never begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.

My dangerous Cosin, let your Mother in,
I know she's come, to pray for your foule sin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sinnes for this forgivenessse, prosper may.
This fester'd joynt cut off, the rest rests sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Dutchesse.

Dut. O King, beleeve not this hard-hearted man,
Love, loving not it selfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here,

Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare ?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Rise up good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beseech.

For ever will I kneele upon my knees,
And never see day, that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy : untill thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing Boy.

Aun. Unto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Against them both, my true joynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earnest ? Looke upon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares : his prayres are in jest :
His words come from his mouth, ours from our brest.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and soule, and all beside :
His weary joynts would gladly rise, I know,
Our knees shall kneele, till to the ground they grow :
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie :
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Bul. Good Aunt stand up.

Dut. Nay, do not say stand up.

But Pardon first, and afterwards stand up.
And if I were thy Nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to heare a word till now :
Say Pardon (King,) let pittie teach thee how.
The word is short : but not so short as sweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's so meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) say *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon, Pardon to destroy ?

Ah my sowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That set's the word it selfe, against the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,

The chopping French we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
 Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
 That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
 Pitty may move thee, Pardon to rehearse.

Bul. Good Aunt, stand up.

Dut. I do not sue to stand,
 Pardon is all the suite I have in hand.

Bul. I pardon him, as heaven shall pardon mee.

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee :
 Yet am I sicke for feare : Speake it againe,
 Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.

Dut. A God on earth thou art.

Bul. But for our trusty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
 With all the rest of that consorted crew,
 Destruction straight shall dogge them at the heeles :
 Good Uncle helpe to order severall powres
 To Oxford, or where ere these Traitors are :
 They shall not live within this world I sweare,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle farewell, and Cosin adieu :
 Your mother well hath praid, and prove you true.

Dut. Come my old son, I pray heaven make thee new.

Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ext. Didst thou not marke the King what words hee spake ?
 Have I no friend will rid me of this living feare :
 Was it not so ?

Ser. Those were his very words.

Ex. Have I no Friend ? (quoth he :) he spake it twice,
 And urg'd it twice together, did he not ?

Ser. He did.

Ex. And speaking it, he wistly look'd on me, .

As who should say, I would thou wer't the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Richard,

Rich. I have bin studying, how to compare
This Prison where I live, unto the World:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile prove the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding Thoughts;
And these same Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the Faith it selfe
Against the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the posterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of Fortunes slaves,
Nor shall not be the last. Like silly Beggars,
Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame
That many have, and others must sit them

And in this Thought, they finde a kind of ease,
 Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
 Of such as have before indur'd the like.
 Thus play I in one Prison, many people,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
 Then Treason makes me with my selfe a Beggar,
 And so I am. Then crushing penurie,
 Perswades me, I was better when a King:
 Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
 Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
 And straight am nothing. But what ere I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing. Musicke do I heare?
 Ha, ha? keepe time: How sowre sweet Musicke is,
 When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
 So is it in the Musicke of mens lives:
 And heere have I the daintinesse of eare,
 To heare time broke in a disorder'd string:
 But for the Concord of my State and Time,
 Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
 I wasted Time, and now doth Time waste me:
 For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
 My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they jarre,
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a Dials point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
 Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,
 Are clamorous groanes, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: so Sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
 Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
 Runs poasting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud joy,
 While I stand fooling heere, his jacke o'th'Clocke.
 This Musicke mads me, let it sound no more,
 For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,

Musicke

In me it seemes, it will make wise-men mad :
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me ;
For 'tis a signe of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch, in this all hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapest of us, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou ? And how com'st thou hither ?
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live ?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King : who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length have gotten leave
To looke upon my (sometimes Royall) masters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horse, that thou so often has bestrid,
That horse, that I so carefully have drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he under him ?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe ;
That Jade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride must have a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did usurpe his backe ?
Forgivenessse horse : Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare ? I was not made a horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by jauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wer't away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say. *Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, wilt please you to fall too ?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wer't wont to doo.

Keep. My Lord I dare not : Sir *Pierce* of *Exton*,
Who lately came from th' King, commands the contrary.

Rich. The divell take *Henrie* of *Lancaster*, and thee ;
Patience is staie, and I am weary of it.

Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Servants.

Ri. How now ? what meanes Death in this rude assault ?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell. *Exton strikes him downe.*
That hand shall burne in never-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, stain'd the Kings own land,
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is up on high,
Whil'st my grosse flesh sinkes downward, heere to dye.

Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both have I spilt : Oh would the deed were good.
For now the divell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, and give them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Flourish. *Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other
Lords & attendants.*

Bul. Kinde Unkle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels have consum'd with fire

Our Towne of Ciceter in Gloucestershire,
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord : What is the newes ?

Nor. First to thy Sacred State, wish I all happinesse :
The next newes is, I have to London sent
The heads of *Salsbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent* :
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.

Bul. We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I have from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous consorted Traitors,
That sought at Oxford, thy dire overthrow.

Bul. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* shall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conspirator, Abbot of Westminster,
With clog of Conscience, and sowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded up his body to the grave :
But heere is *Carlile*, living to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

Bul. *Carlile*, this is your doome :
Choose out some secret place, some reverend roome
More then thou hast, and with it joy thy life :
So as thou liv'st in peace, dye free from strife :
For though mine enemy thou hast ever beene,
High sparkes of Honor in thee have I seene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathlesse lies

The mightiest of thy greatest enemies

Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

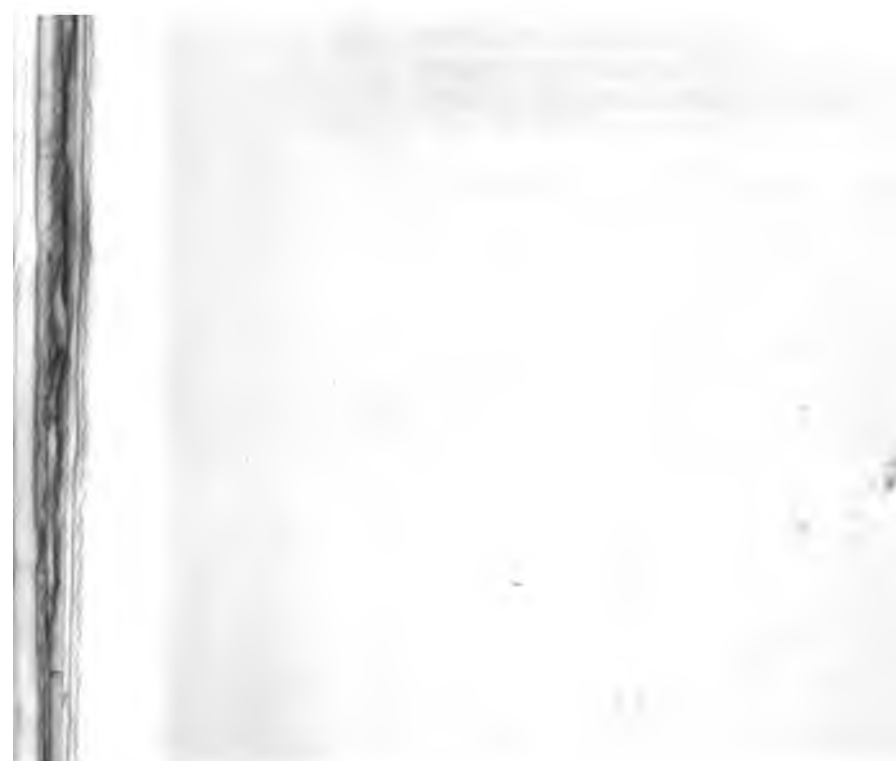
Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous Land.

Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.

Bul. They love not poyson, that do poyson neede,
Nor do I thee : though I did wish him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely favour.
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on sullen Blacke incontinent :
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To wash this bloud off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this untimely Beere.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



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